The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XIV NO. 22 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1936 TEN CENTS A COPY

IN THIS ISSUE

BERNARD DEVOTO
A Generation Beside the Limpopo

ELMER DAVIS
Reviews "The Anatomy of Frustration" by H. G. Wells

MABEL S. ULRICH
Reviews "The Trouble I've Seen" by Martha Gellhorn

LOUIS ADAMIC
Reviews "The History of the Haymarket Affair" by Henry David

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
Translations from the South American

Jules Pierlow

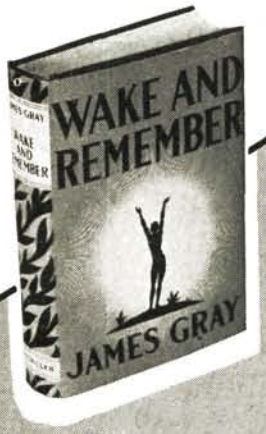
MARTHA GELLHORN

"Miss Gellhorn has seen not only physical hunger and spiritual despair on the relief lines. Existing side by side with these she has seen love and courage" . . .

(See page 7)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG

BERNARD DEVOTO BECOMES EDITOR OF THE SATURDAY REVIEW



A new novel by the author of "SHOULDER THE SKY"

WAKE AND REMEMBER
by James Gray

"A novel written with distinction and sympathy, it contains much quiet humor, and many sections are charged with beauty. One hails Mr. Gray as a splendid addition to the ranks of our younger novelists." —Charles Hanson Towne. $2.50

by Robt. P. T. Coffin
JOHN DAWN

"A swiftly moving, highly entertaining narrative, rich in bucolic humor and salt with the tang of the sea; a story to be read both for its own sake and for the full American flavor."—New York Times. $2.50

by Doris Leslie
FAIR COMPANY

"Rich, wise and slow, this chronicle of four generations of Wrotham women is a panorama of time's cruelties, time's mercies, time's chemistries . . . it makes an old world new!"—N. Y. Her. Trib. $2.50

THE ANATOMY OF FRUSTRATION
The Latest Work of *H. G. Wells*

An analysis of the world of today by the same facile pen which dissected the world of the past in OUTLINE OF HISTORY and that of the future in THINGS TO COME. With fascinating detail, Mr. Wells shows how and why the average man is blocked by limitation and inhibition. $2.00

"America's greatest historical novel."
Margaret Mitchell's GONE WITH THE WIND
Now over 40,000!

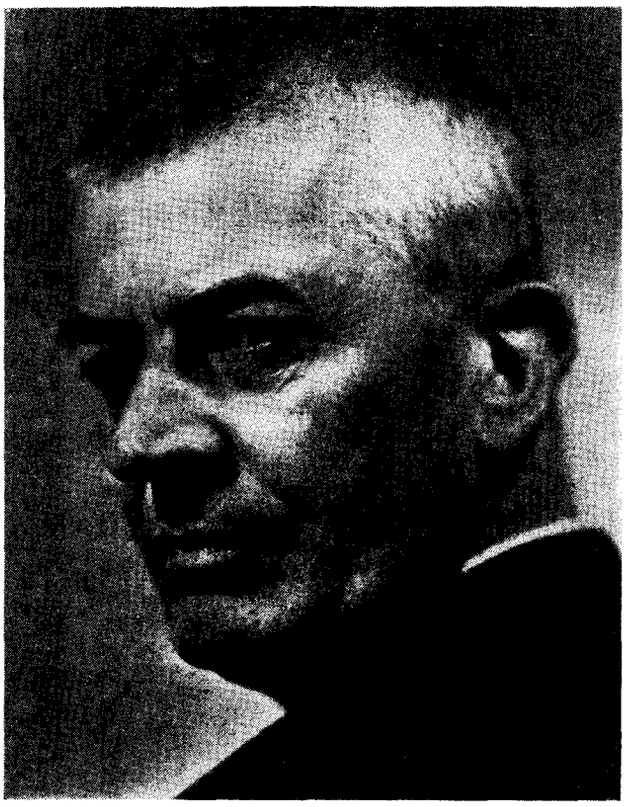
MACMILLAN
NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Generation Beside the Limpopo

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

TRANSITION adopts an upper case initial and George Horace Lorimer has retired. Heywood Broun is writing for *Collier's* and Walter Lippmann will vote Republican. The recent reviews of "A Further Range" are being hastily revised because word arrives from Auden, Spender, Lewis, and Emsen that Robert Frost is a proletarian poet, and a writer in *The New Republic* has spoken favorably of the American tradition. But the conclusive evidence that a caesura of some sort has been reached is the growing number of literary autobiographies. The Younger Generation and the Young Intellectuals have reached the age of reminiscence.



CARL VAN DOREN

It would be easy to say, and is widely being said, that a literary generation is ending. An awkwardness, however, is at once encountered: nobody can decide just what a literary generation is. The time scale is ambiguous: the first novelist of the Younger Generation began publishing in 1900, its first poet died in 1886, and its twilight genius is only thirty-five. No date can be agreed on for its beginning: Mr. Van Doren* believes that it began with the Armistice, but surely it was in full cry as early as 1912 and most of the rebellions for which it is celebrated were current during its early adolescence, among the muckrakers, the crusaders, and the *Ur*-Greenwich-Villagers of the preceding ten years. The end is also undetermined. We are told that the period closed with 1929 and the Wall Street crash, with 1932 and the bottom of the trough, with 1934 and the crest of the New Deal, and with 1936 and the possible success of Mr. Lippmann's candidate. But wherever you fix a date for the beginning of dotage, you find that nine-tenths of the reasonably good writing since that deadline has been done by men you have extinguished. Finally, only a resolute mind can keep from identifying a literary generation with a literary fashion, and a writer in *Harper's* recently established a periodicity of three and a half years for literary fashions in contemporary America. His curve was unnecessarily severe: literary fashions in contemporary America have a life of fully four years.

The heterogeneity of the human race, in short, nullifies the formulas of criticism, and all generalizations about a literary generation are faulty. The only sharp cleavage between 1936 and 1920 is in poetry: sixteen years ago poetry had to be pretty good in order to be praised, whereas nowadays it has to be fourth-rate or worse in order to get a hearing at all. Nevertheless, the fact that writers are now getting old who were leaders of revolt twenty-five years ago does make expedient the separation into a literary "period" of the time during which their mature work was mostly done. It is the third principal period in American literature, and all things considered, the richest, the most various, and the most interesting. Its best work falls short of the best of both the other periods: it produced no one who may be ranked with Emerson, Thoreau, or Mark Twain. It had even, by actual count, fewer first-raters than either of its predecessors: two poets, one novelist, and H. L. Mencken. But below the level of highest excellence it far surpassed both of them. There had never before been so much good writing in America, so many writers who knew their job, such a liveness and liveliness, so much genuine literature. It was our most cosmopolitan period—the time not only when American literature was least provincial but also when it for the first time achieved, in certain areas, leadership in world literature. And also it was our freest period, in that it won and for the time being at least kept the right of literature to deal with such subjects as it might choose to in such ways as might please it, exempt from social, religious, moral, and political aggression. That adds up to quite a bit. A period which was various and alive, which raised the common level of competence, and which established freedom as a fixed condition of American letters may be permitted the illusions with which it comforted itself.

You will not find those illusions discussed in Mr. Van Doren's book. A champion of the period who was one of its accepted critics, he shows its commonest weakness in leniently accepting its assumptions about itself. He is much better at the first of his three worlds, farm life and small-city life in Illinois. Those chapters have a reality that is never fully communicated to what follows them. They are stamped out of a profound and native experience, whose poignancy shows that it was more important than what came after it. They explain why Mr. Van Doren did not share the worst absurdities of the period, never found American life hideous or even dull, and rejected the clichés that so many of his

Next Week

LITERARY FELONIES
By SINCLAIR LEWIS

FOR THE SAKE OF SHADOWS
By MAX MILLER
Reviewed by Stephen Vincent Benét

* *THREE WORLDS. By Carl Van Doren. New York: Harper & Brothers.* 1936. $3.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LITERARY GUILD'S BIRTHDAY PARTY IN 1928
Joseph Wood Krutch, Elinor Wylie, Trader Horn, Zona Gale, and Carl Van Doren.

colleagues built into a system of criticism. He knew in his nerve-ends one segment of American life that most of his fellows only had ideas about. If more of that particular kind of knowledge had got into the literature of the period, less of that literature would now have the faintly archeological absurdity of a Godey fashion plate. It kept Mr. Van Doren amiable toward American life when indignation toward it was, apart from an unalloyed admiration of momentary masterpieces, the only mood that most critics thought proper to the period. But both his criticism and his autobiography are the poorer because he failed to make full use of the knowledge of experience when he moved from Illinois to his second world, the literary generation.

On page 251 you meet one characteristic of the generation in a revealing moment. Mr. Van Doren, noting that he has as wide an acquaintance with writers as any man of his day, makes a list of those whom he has nevertheless met only infrequently or not at all. There are fifty-five names on the list and something about that accidental grouping strikes home. For only five or six of them are eminent and only ten or twelve of them are important at all. What of the other forty?, you wonder. And what of three or four hundred like them whom Mr. Van Doren probably has met? Good competent workmen, literary people doing a satisfactory job, giving the time back something of its tone and color, amusing it, holding up a more or less accurately surfaced mirror for it to gaze into. Several hundred of them—and all of them famous, admired, deferred to, sought after, coddled, and told that they are damned good and even great. Some of them rich, practically all of them in comfortable circumstances, most of them greatly overrated and all of them overpaid. This was the period in American literature which produced the most good writing. And it was also the period in which it was easiest for a writer to succeed, in which writing was most eagerly received and most lavishly rewarded, in which reputation was easiest to attain. Describing the effects of the boom on writers, Mr. Van Doren chooses to discuss only cocktail parties and the significant fact that many writers lost money in Wall Street. But the period of inflation began long before the boom and it principally affected reputations, not bank accounts. It was a period when any competent writer could support himself by his trade. But also it was a period when any competent writer could get himself respected and overvalued by critics and public alike. The public, in fact, was eager to recognize the talent of any writer who bothered to address it; never in the history of the world has literature stood so high in public esteem. . . . And absolutely rock-bottom in the beliefs of the literary generation was the notion that art fared badly in America, that the country was anesthetic to literature, that the way of the American writer was bitter and intolerably hard.

America, they believed, was a gigantic conspiracy against art, thought, and the good life. Awed Rotary Clubs had raised purses to send some of the boys to college because they looked promising, others of them spent four years under the elms on scholarship grants, a good many first tasted the culture of France (their spiritual home) on funds supplied by foundations, and some of them, too lazy or too incompetent to write acceptably, have spent a lifetime as pensioners of endowments. But they perceived that the business man who supported the funds was their ruthless enemy: he conversed badly about Matisse and so prevented them from living the intellectual life. They were permitted to be editors before they were dry behind the ears, bravely denouncing the manufacturer of gadgets in dozens of magazines which the Philistines bought by the thousand, though forbidding literature to exist. They were reviewing books at sixteen and reconstructing society at twenty-one, in a culture which respected and rewarded them more extravagantly than any other ever known on earth. Nevertheless art starved in America and the thinker was broken at the soda fountain and the business man everywhere mixed Paris green with the bread of life. The literary generation knew, for theory told them so.

Even writers are heterogeneous, some of them swim against the current, and no generalization about the generation will hold. Mr. Van Doren finds the lowest common denominator in revolt, in the fact that his generation rebelled against practically everything. That denominator will do as well as any, if it be understood that most of the generation rebelled on rigorously theoretical grounds and displayed their greatest heroism in refusing to let the facts of experience, of immediate knowledge, of American life as it was lived round them, in any way modify or direct the teachings of theory. Another rockbottom principle of the period was that some vicious insulation had always separated the American writer from American life—be it cowardice, Puritanism, Philistinism, sexual timidity, the Methodist Church South, or whatever eidolon might be the target of the moment. Yes; and never was the insulation so complete as in the period 1912-1936. Mr. Edmund Wilson tells us that never in history had a generation so reviled its country; yes, again, and never had a generation so misrepresented it.

Recall the Young Intellectuals who in 1922, under the captaincy of Harold Stearns, gave the period its best joke book, who "wished to speak the truth about American civilization . . . in order to do our share in making a real civilization possible." While, they made quite clear, while there was yet time. (Since 1912 it has always been 11:59 in America, and only a few heroic literary folk to fend doom away.) They, like all American evangelists since Elder Brewster kneeling on the Plymouth beach, bade us change our hearts for only in that way "can true art and true religion and true personality, with their native warmth and caprice and gaiety, grow up in America." These were stern men but they could also be benignant, and they had it in their hearts to give the Americans warmth and caprice and gaiety, to give them personality. While there was yet time.

And their equipment? The Young Intellectuals and the Younger Generation (let us thus distinguish the two groups whom Mr. Van Doren isolates in his

(*Continued on page* 14)

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by the Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year. Vol. XIV, No. 22, September 26, 1936. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Life Under the Five-Year Plan

MOSCOW SKIES. By Maurice Hindus. New York: Random House. 1936. $2.75.

Reviewed by KATHLEEN BARNES

FOR anyone who, like Maurice Hindus, has the capacity to observe and the ability vividly to convey his observations, the life that abounds in a Moscow courtyard or within a single Moscow house offers a rich opportunity. Mr. Hindus has, in addition to these qualities, a comprehensive background knowledge of the U.S.S.R. and from this knowledge has written his first novel—"Moscow Skies."

As befits his subject, he has woven a tale of many strands, profuse in characters, rich in savor, varied in emotion. By the device of using as central character a foreign observer who is quickly drawn into actual participation in the lives of the inhabitants of a single Moscow dwelling-house, he introduces the reader to the city, and then brings him into intimate contact with a varied assortment of the millions who hurry through its streets. The period Mr. Hindus has chosen for his setting is excellent. No more dynamic environment could be desired than the year 1929-1930—the tense, critical time of the first of the Five-Year Plans. He has selected a group of people, and portrayed their varied emotions, thoughts, and actions, and his depictions are often powerful and moving. Yet somehow when the book comes to an end the reader is left with the feeling that the full possibilities of its subject and setting have not been realized. There is a lack of the unity necessary to fuse the various elements of the story into an artistic whole. That the characters all live in the same house on a street of Moscow in 1929 is not sufficient to effect this.

MAURICE HINDUS

Through much of the book, the central theme seems to be the interrelations between an individual in his quest for human happiness and a society geared to the remoulding of a civilization. Many of the characters, much of the story, fit into this pattern. But the whole does not. The central love story, that of Bernard, the American observer, and Anna, wife of an important Party worker and herself an active participant in the Soviet scene, involves the search for human happiness, but fundamentally it has little relation to the time or place in which the two of them are living. As long as this strand of the story is merged with the others, the discrepancy is not obvious, but towards the end, it emerges dominant and the book falls apart.

At times, it might be possible to say that here is a study of the human cost of shaping a new world. On the face of it, the story of Yelena, daughter of disfranchised parents, seeking for some method of participating in the life about her despite the stigma of her social origin, might be considered as part of this human cost. So might that of Volodya, the drunken and unhappy misfit tied to her in a sterile and torturing love. So strongly pictured, however, is their emotional instability, that it seems likely their story would have been just as much one of hysterical search for happiness and peace, without the revolutionary setting.

The emergence of a new life within the country might also have been the central theme. The description of the transformation achieved in the Berezovo cotton mill is only one of many sections that bear witness to Mr. Hindus's knowledge and understanding of what is being accomplished. But this thread, too, becomes submerged in the power of personal emotion with which the book is charged.

Personal emotion seems to be as near to a keynote for the novel as a whole that can be reached, which is part of the reason for the disappointment with which the final page is turned. Strong and well-portrayed as the emotions may be, they are too little mingled with the other elements of existence to be satisfying.

The reader is inevitably grateful to Mr. Hindus for innumerable scenes and characters. Much of the quality of Moscow is to be found in his novel even though the whole falls short of expectations.

Kathleen Barnes is coördinator between the American and Russian offices of the Institute of Pacific Relations.

A Novel of the Madrid Anarchists

SEVEN RED SUNDAYS. By Ramón J. Sender. New York: Liveright. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

ORDER is not precisely the mode in Spain at the moment, and it is consequently not surprising to find Señor Sender's novel of the Madrid anarchists and communists both confused in plot and confusing in manner. The many uprisings of Leftist elements against the Moderate Republic were on a smaller scale than the desperate civil war now raging, but they were quite as senselessly cruel, and even less well organized as military operations. Bloodshed, bombings, and violence of every sort were daily occurrences in the lives of Señor Sender's heroine, Star García, and her lovers Samar and Villacampa. Their tragic saga, played out against a lurid and fantastic background of revolutionary intrigue, is obviously not likely to suit the taste of the average romantic reader of fiction, but it is nevertheless an extraordinary and unusually interesting piece of work,—a book containing much that seems grotesque nonsense viewed from the safety of our Anglo-Saxon peace and comfort, but also full of unforgettable moments of terror and beauty.

RAMÓN J. SENDER

The author's methods are difficult and peculiarly Spanish. At times he uses a devious indirect narrative, some of it couched in extravagant terms of poetic symbolism. A multiplicity of characters and a gruesome humor not unlike that exhibited by some of the great Spanish mystics and painters, further complicate matters. The characters show a curious medieval fervor, a capacity for passing into a sort of cynical ecstasy for the sake of some political or social ideal. Cinemas and subways are mixed in this book with the tortures and faith of the Inquisition, producing a chaotic welter of emotional motives often not too easy to follow. Yet the book is literature, and gives us, in spite of an uneven translation, a vivid impression of these illiterate workmen who are fighting for their dream of a juster society based on living realities. Whatever one's sympathies, this book deals with matters of the greatest importance in sincere and distinguished fashion, and hence should receive the attention of the less frivolous reading public.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the Image of Mr. Wells

THE ANATOMY OF FRUSTRATION. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

ONE of Mr. Wells's recurrent pastimes is making a dummy which looks very much (though not exactly) like H. G. Wells, and throwing bricks at it to improve his marksmanship. This time the effigy is named William Burroughs Steele—supposed to be an American scientist and manufacturer who, after early acquiring wealth and fame, became convinced (perhaps from reading Wells) of the urgent necessity of cleaning up the rubbish left by human activity to date, and immediately setting about the organization of a brighter and better world. But since the rubbish, at present, is ubiquitously conspicuous, Steele set himself the task of finding out and writing down how the world got this way, and why the millennium is still deferred.

The analysis of frustration, the failure of humanity to be what it so clearly ought to be, required a summary of virtually all past and present human activity—such a summary as Wells once executed in three fat volumes plus an autobiography. But Steele on whom Wells writes a commentary produced eleven volumes (published at the author's expense?) with more in proof and notes for still others. Perhaps then he is the dream image of the ideal Wells, the Wells who did the job with proper amplitude instead of inexcusably compressing it into a mere couple of million words, with no more than thirty or forty other volumes as documentation. In yet another way Steele is the dream figure, free from inhibitions; keenly conscious of the inexactitude of any statement, he attacked his propositions over and over, restating them from different angles, with different shadings, constantly warning his readers that nothing was quite the truth and that in literature as in science the best that could be hoped for was a series of progressively closer approximations. All working authors feel that way; but the time comes when they must let a statement stand, however unsatisfactory, in order to get the book finished and give the reader something to chew on.

So you can take this as a dream projection; or as Wells's review of his own works to date; or as the statement of a "spokesman" who, like the spokesmen of Presidents and Foreign Offices, can be indorsed if his offerings take well and disavowed if they do not. Wells delights in anticipating criticisms of Wells-Steele; or, if you prefer (even a reviewer catches this habit of qualifying restatement) of the not quite so mature Wells of last year. "I find something at once heroic and faintly absurd in this volume. . . . The simple reasonableness of his project is only equalled by its colossal impossibility. . . . Here again we catch Steele at his old trick of making controversial statements as if they were obvious truths. His belief that what Steele thinks today, the world will think tomorrow, never fails him." It would seem that Wells saves his clippings.

Wells could not write an uninteresting book if he tried (and sometimes he has tried); but in the content of this brief offering you will find little that is unfamiliar. Man, becoming able to think, is haunted by the certainty of individual extinction, and tries to escape it in all sorts of ways—at first by crude doctrines of individual immortality; then, when these are no longer plausible, by identifying his individual life with something collective of greater longevity—scientific

H. G. WELLS (RIGHT) *with Alexander Korda, film producer of Mr. Wells's "Things to Come."*

research, the Communist Party, etc. "Is it not possible to reduce an enormous proportion of these divergences to a common denominator?" It is; *vide* the collected works of H. G. Wells, *passim*. The only "comprehensive immortality" is "a thorough-going self-identification with the human will and intelligence considered as a synthesis of the will-drives and the mental-drives of the entire species." Entire? Well, not quite, it appears, in spite of Steele's conviction that all human minds are pretty much alike, and would reach substantially the same conclusions but for bad education and mental laziness; there are some stubbornly obscurant reactionaries who may have to be liquidated before the communion of saints can prevail.

But, human nature being what it is, "man's intentions are one thing, his behavior quite another." The life of conscious reason is as yet a mere coat of whitewash over the sepulcher of Grandfather Neanderthal and Great-grandfather Pithecanthropus. Hence a study of the various internal inhibitions which have deferred the realization of the free, scientific, and adventurous society which alone deserves to be called truly human.

About all that is new in this is the chapter on "Frustration Through Loneliness and the Craving for a Lover"—a theme restated by Steele in four variations; which is exegesis, amplification, and qualification of a well known passage in "Experiment in Autobiography." No surprise will be evoked by Steele's tentative conclusion that "strict mating is compatible with the isolated lair but not with an open society. The savage, the small farmer, the small shopkeeper, the conspirator, and the criminal need a concentrated mate;" but the free intellectual ought to be able to take his fun where he finds it and escape the cramping limitations of monogamy. A good many who call themselves intellectuals seem to do so with fair success; but Steele writes of a more sensitive type which wants, alternately, monogamy and promiscuity, and has never learned to combine the best features of both.

A conspicuous instance of such a type will readily occur to readers of "Experiment in Autobiography." But the important thing about that is that Wells really is a specimen of a type, and a superior type; differing from thousands of others only in his greater candor and capacity for analysis. So with Steele. "My own sexual history," he confessed, "has been lamentable"; and therein Wells thinks him representative of his type and time. But what made it lamentable was too much success; Steele always got the women he wanted, and then found that they failed to measure up to his expectations. In the expectations, then, he sought the root of the trouble, and finally thought he had found it. The Persona of the psychoanalysts—what you like to think you are—needs to be complemented by a Lover-Shadow, something external which shall continually reassure you that you really are as good as all that. "The Lover-Shadow is for all practical purposes the Yes-Woman of the Persona," and when every actual woman turns out to be a Persona herself, in need of a Yes-Man, the dew is gone from the rose.

Luckily the Lover-Shadow need not be a sexual companion; it can be the cheering crowd, the consciousness that God is on Our Side, the tail-waving approval of the fireside cat; it might even, one supposes, be the reviewer of your book. So the best we can do, Steele thinks, is to try to generalize the need of the Lover-Shadow as we must generalize the craving for immortality; to outgrow the longing for somebody who will say, "Darling, you're wonderful" as we outgrow the longing for harps, halos, and mansions in

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the skies. "The roving mind falls back at last upon a stoical self-identification with the specific Man, upon self-forgetfulness in enduring work for the world community"; but not without hope of chirking itself up every now and then by local and temporary identifications with individual women. Part of the evolutionary process, one may infer, of the growing up into racial maturity, is learning to be really happy and comfortable in the rarefied atmosphere of promiscuity, with no longing backward glances toward the primeval monogamous slime.

As to whether Man can actually accomplish what he must accomplish, Steele's hopes varied. "The idea of a world revolution taking place concurrently in the minds of men and in human organization must arise in due course in the developing racial intelligence. There is no acceptable alternative." But a little later: "Is this conception of a New Model for humanity a rational forecast or a self-protective dream? Steele had moods in which this question was possible. His answer varied with the quality of his blood stream and the vitality in his body." At this we might as well leave it, if Wells in forty years and forty volumes has been able to carry it no farther.

With little novelty in content, and such sedulous reshadings in the constant endeavor to attain a closer approximation to the truth, this is a book of particular interest to writers, especially if they deal with such serious and obscure topics as concern Wells. Essentially it is a mental notebook, filled with all the things that suggest themselves to one of the most active minds of our time. Some of us could almost wish that Wells had written a novel about the life of Steele instead of a critique of his ideas. But Wells seems to have come to the conclusion that there is no time for fripperies of art when the world needs saving. To ask for a novel instead of a missionary sermon is perhaps only the pusillanimous escape-impulse of those who, conscious of their personal inability to control the fire in Rome, would like to be diverted by a violin recital.

The Courage of the Defeated

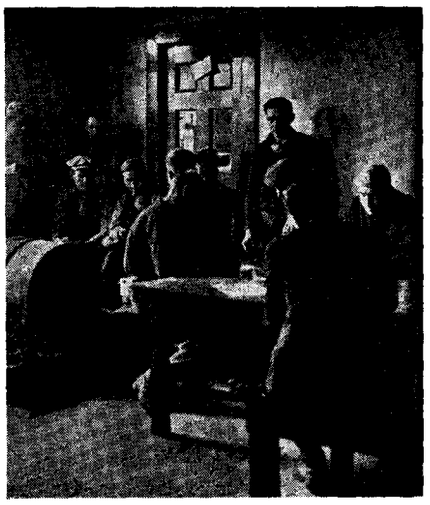
THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN. By Martha Gellhorn. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by MABEL S. ULRICH

WHEN a book seems woven not out of words but out of the very tissues of human beings, on first reading its evaluation as literature is almost impossible even to a hardened reviewer. This is such a book. Its four stories ring as true as a report from a relief worker's notebook and it is not until you have closed its covers on little Ruby's mother "dragging down the street" the wrong way to her house, and have emerged a little from the ravaging pity the characters have evoked, that you begin to think of the art inherent in their telling.

Miss Gellhorn, we are told, was sent by Harry Hopkins to travel over our country and study the lives of the unemployed. From all that she met and felt she has chosen four groups from four regions and through them she has shown us the physical and spiritual tragedy of millions who in the past few years have seen the collapse of their faith in life. And she has told their stories with so profound and sympathetic an understanding that she has not once been tempted into exaggeration or sentimentality.

All four have to do with Americans once confident in their ability to win a secure future for themselves and their families, now on the relief rolls. With the exception of Joe the labor-leader, they scarcely attempt to understand their situation. They belong to the multitudes who have asked only for the simple things —a home, friends, enough to eat, and the job which makes these possible. When through no fault of their own they see their security gone, their lives stripped finally of dignity and independence, they are left desperate, bewildered, or hopelessly passive. Their pain is the intolerable one of mortally hurt children made only the more poignant by that saddest and most heartening of all human qualities, the courage of the defeated.



UNEMPLOYED
Photo by F. Allan Morgan, from "U. S. Camera, 1935" (Morrow).

The first story deals with the gallant and lovable Mrs. Maddison and her irrepressible dreams; of how she became a part of a rural rehabilitation project and of her struggle to save her children so defiantly determined to get a little fun out of life before it is too late. "Joe and Pete" tells about a strike; "Jim" of young love on five dollars a week; and "Ruby" is the story of an eleven-year-old girl who had to have roller skates. Miss Gellhorn in this last has used a theme almost unendurably sordid and raised it to the realm of true tragedy by infusing it throughout with the shining innocence and beauty of childhood.

This is a tragic book, but in no sense a morbid one, not even a "depressing" one in the usual meaning of that word. Miss Gellhorn has seen not only physical hunger and spiritual despair on the relief lines. Existing side by side with these she has seen love and courage. Her vivid clarity spares us nothing. We are often moved to an almost intolerable pitch, but she leaves us with a renewed faith in the worthiness of the human struggle and eager to clear the decks for action.

There are still thousands of people in the United States who think of the relief problem in terms of taxes only; thousands more who dismiss it from their consciousness with the vague belief that if a man is willing to work he can surely get *something*, or by oft-repeated stories of shovel-leaners and chiselers. All of these should read Miss Gellhorn's book. Those who have had first hand experience with the complexities of relief work will rejoice that through this clear-eyed young woman hundreds of their own "cases" have found a voice.

Lunch with the Sole Survivor

By KENNETH FEARING

MEANING what it seems to when the day's receipts are counted and locked inside the store and the keys are taken home,
feeling as it does to drive a car that rides and rides like a long, low, dark, silent streak of radio waves,
just the way the hero feels in a smash-hit show,
exactly like the giant in a Times Square sign making love across the sky to a lady made of light,
And then as though the switch were thrown and all the lights went out,
then as though the curtain fell and then they swept the aisles and then it's some one's turn to go,
smoke the last cigarette, drink the last tall drink,
go with the last long whistle of the midnight train as it fades across the hills,
Meaning what it seems to mean but feeling the way it does,
as though the wind would always, always blow away from home.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature

BERNARD DEVOTO.....Editor
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....Publisher
AMY LOVEMAN.....Associate Editor
GEORGE STEVENS....Managing Editor
HENRY SEIDEL CANBY, WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } Contributing Editors

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1936, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

Prize Novels

OF the two prize novels so far unveiled this season, one is a little below the average struck by such contests and the other just on the median line. In an otherwise sound review of the *Atlantic* prizewinner, Mrs. Van Etten's "I Am the Fox," the *Nation* remarked that the committee of selection, if its make-up had not been changed for the worse, must have changed its standards for the worse. On the contrary, "I Am the Fox" is a better novel than "Dusk at the Grove," which was awarded the prize two years ago. Both books are spun out of the phony sensibility which the *Atlantic* judges seem principally to admire but Mrs. Van Etten's is not written with the vanilla amateurishness that made Mr. Rogers's so cloying. It is a professional job, if something less than a good one. It would probably have got a modest hearing on its own merits, as "Dusk at the Grove" certainly would not have done, and the chief objection to it is the author's self-deception. She regards her heroine's frigidity as an ennobling delicacy of soul, whereas it is only a neurosis.

The book groups naturally with the three others that have won the *Atlantic* prize. It has the requisite novelty of presentation—a technique more adult than the ten-percent free association of "Dusk at the Grove" which accommodated the manner of Joyce to the understanding of high school English classes. And it is suffused with the requisite romantic glow which is the common characteristic of all four prizewinners. The essential *Atlantic* novel remains the first one, Mrs. de la Roche's "Jalna," and its successors have only in part recaptured that asserted gallantry of picturesque and darkly brooding people behaving like a refined Sanger's Circus in a transplanted atmosphere of Maurice Hewlett. The *Atlantic* prize novels, in short, are women's magazine serials with a touch of suavity.

Mr. McIntyre's "Steps Going Down," the Miss America of Farrar & Rinehart's All-Nations Competition, is a better novel than "I Am the Fox." That is not to say that it is a very good one. It has an intermittent vigor, a good many scenes are done with dash, the incidental wisecracks are frequently good, and there is a gratifying absence of rhetoric. But Mr. McIntyre's technical judgment is unsure and, stripped of its superficial novelties, his book is conventionally romantic to an extreme. The gabbiness of his characters is exasperating and makes the book diffuse, the whimsy of what he presents as their philosophy of life is much less amusing than he thinks, and they are stuffed with sawdust and move unrealistically through a familiar melodrama. This too is essentially popular magazine fiction. The distinguished judges whose opinions of it are quoted on the jacket and who find it a fresh note, must have forgotten the Merriwell books of their boyhood and neglected to read the *Saturday Evening Post* these twenty years. Or were their sympathies perhaps unconsciously engaged by a hope that an exhibition of such élan in the lower depths might prove a rebuttal to the rudeness of proletarian fiction? At any rate, the publishers must have rejoiced at another appearance of the sentiment that proved so popular in "February Hill:" see how high-hearted are the amoral poor. Whether their entry will take the finals of the transoceanic contest remains to be seen. If it does, let us remember that Thomas Mann and Jules Romains write good novels too and that some of our best native novelists, like them, did not enter the tournament.

With one exception, the Harper prize has always gone to better novels than any so far mentioned here. In fact, "The Grandmothers" was a distinguished novel and "Honey in the Horn" clearly a good one. "The Dark Journey" is probably entitled to the same praise, and though both "The Perennial Bachelor" and "The Fault of Angels" edged close to the romantic tinsel objected to in the *Atlantic* winners, the first escaped it by way of a fine malice and the second by way of an excellent comic sense, and both were unexceptionable in workmanship. The list somewhat supports the declared theory of prize contests—but how much? Even "The Able McLaughlins," which was by a completely unknown writer, and all its successors except "Brothers in the West" would probably have made their way in open competition and would probably have made quite as much money for both publisher and writer if the same amounts had been spent in some other form of advertising.

The public is told that a prize competition may reveal a new writer of great talent. The probabilities, however, are heavily against such an event, and the publisher who conducts such a contest can depend far more certainly on the attendant publicity's promoting a sale of from twenty to fifty thousand copies of the winner than he can on uncovering a new talent. As often as not the prize is won by an established writer who happens to have a one-book contract with his last publisher. When it isn't, and usually when it is, the prize goes to a book which has some surface novelty of subject matter, setting, or technique that can be exploited, and is also safely embedded in the more genial sentiments. How much money such contests make only the publishers know, but any of us can see that they have done little for the careers of the writers who have won them, and less than that for literature at large. The art of fiction continues to be served by novelists who have to learn their trade by the accretion of experience and skill in book after book, and are withheld from such contests by loyalty to, contracts with, and advances from the publishers who stick with them through the long drudgery. A season's publicity is, of course, something else and prize contests have usually justified themselves as advertising stunts, though not always. Indications are that even as advertising they become increasingly less dependable. The returns seem less and less to justify the irritation, friction, and downright trouble that contests invariably cause. If that is true, if both public and publishers are tiring of them, why not begin to think about abandoning them? They would not be missed. No masterpiece has ever been discovered by a prize contest, no even moderately good novel will go unpublished if left to the simple competition of publishers, and the public can better exercise the difference of opinion that makes hoss races and literary reputations if it is not misled by a publicity mechanism that has nothing whatever to do with literature.

Ten Years Ago

In reviewing Ellen Glasgow's novel, "The Romantic Comedians," in The Saturday Review of September 25th, 1926, Henry Seidel Canby wrote: "*No matter how jazzed the age or how incoherent the philosophy of a new time, the men and women who do more than drift giggling, weeping, or moaning upon the rapid current will be subjects for a narrative more solid than impressionism and more significant than a reporter's tale.*" He pointed out, however, that "*the merely cultivated novel*" was, and always had been, "*one of the seven deadly bores of literature*" and that "*the novelist must have everything of insight, fire, awareness, originality that the boldest experimenter or the wildest rhapsodist possesses, and be able to turn them all to the uses of interpretative art.*" He concluded that "*when a mind as subtle and as civilized as Miss Glasgow's looks at our generation there are new things to be said, new thrills, new beauties, a new kind of tragedy. Only the irony is old.*"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor: *A Riverman Replies to Ben Lucien Burman*

"Children of Ol' Man River"

SIR:—I have just read with much regret Mr. Ben Burman's remarks about Billy Bryant's new book "Children of Ol' Man River." The entire thing was cruel, unjust, and untruthful and when he stated that Capt. Billy in one sense of the word, had never become a riverman, he was wrong.

If floating and sleeping on a raft of logs as a boy, building, living, sinking, and nearly drowning in all types of shanty boats, flunkeying and washing dishes on steamboats for a dollar a week and obtaining a master's and pilot's license from Pittsburgh to Cairo, a thousand miles, and all side streams doesn't make one a full-fledged riverman, what does?

And when he belittles the title "Children of Ol' Man River" and states that this is so unreal that it would hurt the riverman's feelings, I wonder what he, Mr. Burman, would say if he knew that a half dozen similar titles were submitted to many river friends and they themselves selected its present title which was first used by another real riverman, Charley Collins, who is now a Chicago newspaper man.

The trouble with the majority of book writers who write river books, they write them with one foot on the bank and their entire river knowledge is usually summed up in a week-end trip to Louisville and back. I am Captain of the steamer *John Britton* of the Campbell line. Nearly every one of my crew has purchased one of Billy's books. They have read it with joy and sent it home as a treasure to their parents.

I am sending a copy of your story to the *Waterways Journal* of St. Louis whose circulation reaches thousands of true rivermen, all friends of Bill Bryant's who will answer Mr. Burman in a river way. There is no doubt in any riverman's mind that you, your paper, and Mr. Burman owes Capt. Billy an apology. None of my crew have ever had your paper before but we are all going to keep buying it from now on hoping some day to find this letter printed in it.

Respt.,
FOR THE ENTIRE CREW,
ANDREW J. SAYRE,
Master of *John G. Britton.*

Shipping Port, Penna.

Dramatizing Sherlock Holmes

SIR:—Mr. Hudson (not of 221B Baker Street) presents a query to the "Irregulars" concerning a dramatic version of "The Return." Starrett does not mention one in his "Private Life of Holmes"; surely if V. S. rests in ignorance the venture must have been ill-starred and of short duration. There was, nevertheless, a screen offering (about 1931) called "The Return of Sherlock Holmes," featuring Clive Brook. Starrett comments: "The 'Return' was merely to screen, however; there is no connection between the picture and the actual reappearance of the detective as related in the volume of same title."

Successful dramatic sequences based upon the Baker Street menage and Holmes's exploits include the Gillette-Doyle masterpiece and less distinguished versions of "The Hound of the Baskervilles," "The Speckled Band" (1912), and "The Sign of Four." Finally, there was produced in 1933 a play by Basil Mitchell, "The Holmeses of Baker Street," the revelations of which informed us that Holmes did not remain long in seclusion at his Sussex retreat but "took unto himself a wife."

Mr. Hudson's inquiry serves to remind me of my own search for a rare Sherlockian item: namely, "The Adventure of the Empty House" (first episode recounted in "The Return") published, separately, in New York about 1913,—a sq. 16mo. Has any "irregular" a spare copy to offer at regular price?

P. M. STONE.

Waltham, Mass.

"—AND THE CONVERSATION WENT SORTA DEAD. WE'D ALL READ THE LATEST *READER'S DIGEST*."

"Hot Jazz"

SIR:—It seems a pity that Sigmund Spaeth, to whom even the great symphonies are nothing more than one tune after another, should have felt impelled to unburden himself in that field of music which, of all fields, relies least upon "tunes." For more than a column of his review of Hughes Panassie's "Hot Jazz: The Guide to Swing Music" he takes quibbling exception to the superlatives of an enthusiastic Frenchman. And in the last paragraph he condenses the common misunderstandings about jazz which any open-minded examination of Mr. Panassie's book would have cleared up for him.

"Jazz is not a kind of music," he says, "but merely a way of playing music." And there speaks the man who can show you the particular symphonic passages which furnished the melodies for any given popular song. He completely misses the simple fact that to a group of expert musicians who have also a gift for melodic invention, a song is not a "tune" at all, but merely a set of rules outlining general harmonies and rhythms to be followed. *Within these* each soloist can improvise as he pleases without danger of harmonic conflict with the others.

An appreciation of music is gained only by listening attentively to a great deal of it. And hot jazz, swing jazz, call it what you will, is no exception. It may be hard to define it, but something there is which draws hundreds of musicians wherever Armstrong, Ellington, or Henderson play; some quality there must be in recordings by these bands which recommends them to thousands of European enthusiasts who will have none of our dance orchestras like Lombardo, Denny, Whiteman, Newman, and the rest. And as for jazz "distorting the conventions of music," Mr. Spaeth must surely have been taught along with his elementary harmony that conventions are not absolute.

DANIEL MELCHER.

Montclair, N. J.

Erratum

SIR:—This is the second time that I have written to remind you that it is the *King* James and not the *St.* James Version of the Bible. See page 12, line 20, last column, September 12, 1936.

I am wondering how many hundred readers have called your attention to this mistake. I am going to do what I did before and ask you for a copy of the book! Just as an act of humility and appreciation and generosity on your part towards a humble, ignorant subscriber!

EDITH ENDICOTT STEBBINS.

Milton, Mass.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

History and Hysteria

THE HISTORY OF THE HAYMARKET AFFAIR. By Henry David. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1936. $4.

THIS LABOR UNION RACKET. By Edward Dean Sullivan. New York: Hillman-Curl. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by LOUIS ADAMIC

IN quality these two books have nothing in common. The first, dealing with the famous bomb incident in 1886, is the successful work of a thorough young scholar who presumably devoted to it years of research, thought, and actual writing. The second, aiming to assay certain important current developments in the American labor movement, is the hasty job of a sensational journalist. Nonetheless, especially since their publication dates are within two days of one another, it is, I think, proper to review them together. Here is American labor at the beginning and at the end of a fifty-year period.

Dr. David, a member of the history department of the College of the City of New York and a collaborator with Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes on the huge "History of Western Civilization," offers a detailed, splendidly authenticated, well-reasoned, and competently written account of the Haymarket Bomb affair. It is the first book on the subject that really deserves to be called a book, and it may well be the last word on it. He presents a great deal of new material and I doubt if any future writer will be able to add much to the factual and interpretive truth concerning the episode itself.

Dr. David begins with the forces that led to the incident and ends with its immediate effects on the American scene. The trial and the execution of the anarchists are done superbly. The next to the last chapter, on "Who Threw the Bomb?", establishes the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of saying who really threw it, and ends on the idea that "the setting of the bomb-throwing and the logic of the whole situation"—which are also well presented earlier in the book—"compel one to conclude that the bomb did not violate the propaganda of the [anarchist] movement, and was probably a product of it. This judgment, however, does not permit the conclusion *that the eight individuals convicted . . . were guilty. On the basis of the reliable evidence, they must be considered innocent.*" The italics are Dr. David's; he makes much of the fact, and properly so, that the affair constitutes one of the blackest chapters in the history of American justice.

In the last chapter, however, which is entitled "Conclusions," the scholar in Dr. David who requires some sort of document for every statement limits him, I think, too much. He deals only with *immediate* effects of the affair on Chicago and on America, which are a matter of record. He points out that the Haymarket bomb led to the first major red-scare in this country

> and produced a campaign of "red-baiting" which has rarely been equalled. So expertly was this campaign waged that it molded the popular mind for years to come, and played its part in conditioning the mass response to the imaginary threat of the "social revolution" frequently displayed in the United States since 1886.

He shows, too, that the episode became, on the other hand, a factor in the creation of new radicals and new radical movements, and mentions in this connection Emma Goldman, Alexander Berkman, Eugene Debs, and Bill Haywood. But, because there probably is no written proof of this, he fails to bring out that the Haymarket furor gave a great impetus to the growth of the politically conservative and respectable craft-union movement of the so-called labor aristocracy ("craft unionism, pure and simple") under Sam Gompers; that that movement—destined to dominate the American labor scene for the next fifty years—secretly took on certain anarchist characteristics, including violence by dynamite and fire arms; and that in the course of decades the A. F. of L. unionism revised and twisted those characteristics, here and there with the unwitting aid of anarchic employers, or as a reaction to the violence of such employers, into out-and-out racketeering.

This lack strikes me as especially serious in connection with this review; for, had Mr. David even partly developed the above extremely important truth, he might have saved me the task of writing the ensuing few paragraphs about Mr. Sullivan's extremely objectionable book, which cannot be ignored because it touches, even if wrongly, on a most important situation. Had Mr. David carried his job a little further, I might easily have taken care of Mr. Sullivan by simply referring to the end of "The History of the Haymarket Affair." Now I am compelled to denounce "This Labor Union Racket" as a superficial, ill-thought-out, red-baiting, xenophobe book, concocted around Hearstian and Chicago *Tribune* headlines, conceivably with the ambition of cashing in, even if only in a small way, on the currently developing anti-red and anti-alien hysteria, which is tied up with the general American crisis, including the crisis in the American labor movement, now on the verge of turning into new directions.

Not that Mr. Sullivan's book is a package of nothing but lies; on the contrary, it contains many surface facts about labor rackets which are important and challenging, but for the most part already familiar to newspaper readers. The trouble is that he does not understand those facts and does not know, or care to know, what is behind them. He seems unconcerned about the truth of the matter which is to be sought among and under the surface facts. Labor rackets, he seems to suggest, exist simply because we have labor racketeers. He does not wonder how those racketeers became what they are. It does not occur to him to study the ideology, if it can be called that, of the A. F. of L., and realize that labor racketeering is an outgrowth thereof, just as the A. F. of L. and its principles are as inevitable developments out of the American life as a whole during the past fifty years as are the Steel Trust, the Lord of San Simeon, Al Capone, and Mr. Sullivan himself.

Employing the typical red- and alien-baiting methods (which is to say that he is as careless with truth as were the red-baiters back in 1886, and never exerts his power of judgment), Mr. Sullivan makes much of the Communist Party in this country. He quotes Stalin on the importance of the American communist movement, not realizing that Stalin can be a humorist. He says that communism is a great and growing power in the United States, while, if he took a trip through the country as I do occasionally, he could not help knowing the opposite—unless, of

THE HAYMARKET AFFAIR. *Contemporary cartoon by Nast.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

course, he is one of those frantic patriots who consider Jim Farley, Joe Kennedy, and John L. Lewis communists. He suggests that part of the communist power in America stems from the "7,000,000 aliens and their dependents" living here, while the truth is that the present number of unnaturalized foreigners in the United States is only 4,300,000, and most of them are more conservative than Herbert Hoover or Patrick Cardinal Hayes.

Anticipating the importance of John L. Lewis in the next few years, Mr. Sullivan exerts himself to present him both as a near-communist and an ambitious seeker of power for the sake of power who uses labor to attain his personal ends. He does not know, or choses to ignore the fact, that to a representative of the East St. Louis (Ill.) *Journal* the head of the C. I. O. recently made the following statement:

> I had read and digested and disagreed with Marx long before many of my Socialist friends had heard of him. His ideas and policies, I believed, never had a place in America. And I still believe that. Those ideas grew out of conditions in Europe and many have had application there, but not in America.

Nor does Mr. Sullivan appear to know that Lewis was *forced* into his present challenging position by the problem of existence his United Mine Workers face in the America of 1936.

In short, while Dr. David's book, despite its above-mentioned shortcoming, belongs in every library, the place for Mr. Sullivan's volume, although it contains, as I say, not a few significant surface facts, is the nearest rubbish-can.

Popular Philosphy

GUIDE TO PHILOSOPHY. By C. E. M. Joad. New York: Random House. 1936. $2.50.

THIS book, within its limits, for it deals only with a particular range of problems of philosophy, those that have to do with the nature of knowledge and with the scientific and idealistic theories of the world, is a real feat of popular writing. Without being historical, it presents the views of a number of historically famous philosophers, such as Kant and Hegel, in a manner that is comprehensible without too great over-simplification. Joad even undertakes a fairly successful chapter on A. N. Whitehead, and another on Marxian dialectical materialism. He is constantly argumentative, and mixes an occasional bad argument with the good, in a way that should arouse the reader's critical alertness. The book is not quite the masterpiece it has been proclaimed, but it is just the thing as a guide for the reader who is already interested in philosophy as a reasoned pursuit, but whose knowledge of the subject needs to be amplified and brought into order.

Oxford in Nigeria

THE AFRICAN WITCH. By Joyce Cary. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

MR. CARY'S book, I am convinced at the moment, is one of the most readable novels I have ever read. It is, on the whole, the story of a very minor prince, educated at an English public school and at Oxford, who returns to his Nigerian state as a claimant to the throne, if you can call it that. He is full of the ideas which one is apt to pick up at a public school and at Oxford —education, enlightenment, good form, reform. It is unfortunate that the other claimant should be a painted Mohammedan who has apparently never heard of these ideas; it is unfortunate, too, that the English resident and his officials are inclined to think them unnecessary in a Negro. But then the author seems indifferent to them as well; to him, the arrival of a Negro prince with Oxford ideas is an incident no more remarkable in Africa than fever, and no more susceptible to remedy than magic.

This is a great relief: we are not to be preached to. The English people in this book are not serving any particular end—or rather such ends as they serve are purely personal. They are in Nigeria because they were bored somewhere else, or because they were curious, or because there was no better job for them. One or two, it is true, believe in medicine, one (but he is a German missionary) believes in God, and all of them believe in the superiority of the white man. But nobody serves a flag or a cause; and their existence, deprived of a past or a future, is a day-to-day affair, activated a little improbably by the author's plot.

NIGERIAN DRAWINGS BY C. LEROY BALDRIDGE. *From "White Africans and Black."*

The plot is highly complicated, very strenuous, and very unimportant in the sense that it illuminates no contemporary question. The important thing about the novel is that the people in it are so alive, so unimportantly and vividly alive. They are in love, they drink whisky, they play polo. A white girl (she is an Oxford don with advanced ideas) is rather too kind to Aladai, the Oxford prince; another white girl dances with Aladai by moonlight, which starts a scandal; and the Resident writes equivocal reports, and just occasionally somebody gets worried about the status of the English in Nigeria. There is also a Wazir, a master of the horse, a girl half-burned for witchcraft, a pimp, and a whole seething, contemned, contemptuous native town.

What about the plot? It would have to be an ingenious one to bring order to this babel, and it is. There is war between the claimants: and Aladai (who has offended the English) gets mixed up with a lunatic convert, who hopes to please Jesus by feeding girls to a sacred crocodile, and with his witch sister, who starts a woman's war on the side. The women attack the English and the male principle with an indifferent but genial fury. Everything gets completely out of hand, and at the end all is as it was in the beginning.

Is there, possibly, a moral to be discovered here? Something about education, something about empire, something about how nice it would be if the nicer English stayed away from Africa? I don't think so. I doubt if you could even venture an opinion whether the author is an important author or not. The progress of his book does a certain violence to one's ideas of fiction; it is a rambling sort of a book. But if it had been otherwise it would not have achieved what it does achieve so triumphantly—a portrayal of the immense, the passionate variety of a perfectly pointless existence. Do the English and the natives really live this way in Nigeria? The author offers no assistance. He is writing, on his own confession, an imaginary tale about imaginary people, and the things that interest him are pride, fear, goodness, cruelty, obscenity, and fun. He is also deeply interested in the whites and the blacks and how they get on together: but his interest is not sociological, he has no point of view. It is probably very wrong of him to have no point of view; it is even more probable that, if he had one, he would have produced a very second-rate novel. I find his novel very soothing as it is; and when my head begins to ache with causes and doctrines, I shall take it down and read it again.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Nathan Reports His State of Mind

THE THEATRE OF THE MOMENT. By George Jean Nathan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

AT agreeably frequent intervals, Mr. Nathan's shears go snip-snip along the pages of those periodicals habitually intrusted with his uncollected works. The paste brush swishes and for a time the Nathan typewriter clicks over some new tribute to Eugene O'Neill. Then off it all goes to Mr. Knopf, who receives it, I am sure, gladly, and a new report on Mr. Nathan's state of mind is available for those interested. Those interested must now, one guesses, number many thousands and can hardly fail to include all who are stimulated in any fashion by the theatre—the theatre which has for so long stimulated Mr. Nathan in so many fashions, bringing from him so many crisp yelps of dismay, so many indignant pish-tushes, and so frequent expressions of an undiminished devotion.

Those devoted to the theatre are, of necessity, impressionable and moody. Give them a bad year and they are sunk in deepest gloom, forecasting the end of all things and a determination to retire to the golf links. Treat them nicely, and their spirits soar. They recall that the theatre is "the gilded and sometimes golden toy of the arts, and it has been that for centuries on end"; remember that "it has behind it tradition and the memory of countless nights of thrill and beauty, and some of the greatest literature ever written, and a thick album of tenderly remembered personalities—and each year, whether it is healthy or whether it is ailing, it manages to recapture and to offer at least a snatch of its old glory." Thus Mr. Nathan, after a season when the theatre was healthy. Optimism arises which not even the "Moon Over Mulberry Street" can eclipse. And optimism is good for Mr. Nathan.

There was a time, not too far in the past, when Mr. Nathan seemed in some slight danger of outmoding himself. There was the day of "Since Ibsen," and then Mr. Nathan lodged himself a little awkwardly. It was difficult for his admirers not to suggest that he was then fighting battles already won; that most of the abuses and stupidities against which he was crusading with so much vigor were, if not downed, at least seen clearly for what they were by all to whom Mr. Nathan might address himself. He seemed, then, indeed, to be unaware that the prejudices which William Winter, *et al*, sought to establish as rules were prejudices dismissed not only from the Nathan mind but from the minds of many other literate persons. His was the uncomfortable position of a reformer who has succeeded and not noticed it.

But that, it now appears, was only a temporary state. In "The Theatre of the Moment," Mr. Nathan neither fusses nor fumes. He is caustic only about humbug and insincerity. His preoccupation with obscurities from the Hungarian has abated and even his style is less mannered, while it retains its characteristic wit and crackle. He has, in short, achieved a book which is, much like the recent couple of seasons on which it is largely based, stimulating and tangy.

He has, for example, a chapter on the talking pictures which is incisive, entertaining, and altogether convincing. In enthusiasm he is equally generous; his analyses of Maxwell Anderson, Robert Sherwood, Sidney Kingsley, and others of our playwrights are sharp, intelligent criticism. He digs now and then at his confreres in criticism, and not always too fairly. (He has the habit universal among weekly and monthly critics of attributing to all daily reviewers opinions expressed by one or two of them. This habit provides the weekly writer with a pleasant buildup.) But they can always dig back. He continues to admire "Within the Gates" and "Richard of Bordeaux" with an intensity which remains bewildering. He has discovered a new young actress of transcendent beauty and his enthusiasm ripples. His book is characteristic, topical, and his best in several years.

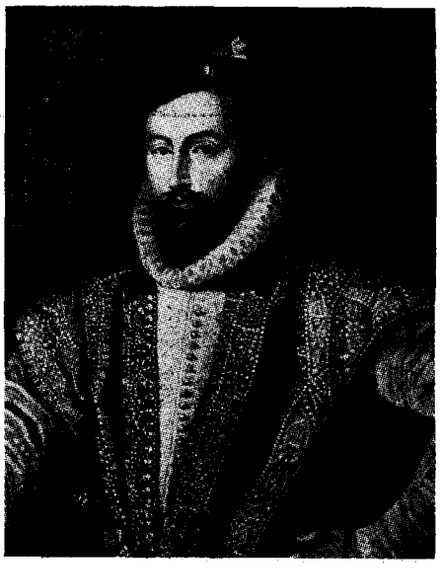
Richard Lockridge, dramatic critic of the New York Sun, *is the author of "Mr. and Mrs. North," recently reviewed in these columns.*

Last Man of an Era

SIR WALTER RALEIGH: Last of the Elizabethans. By Edward Thompson. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1936. $4.

Reviewed by MILTON WALDMAN

SIR WALTER RALEIGH is an incredibly hard man to write about because, as Mr. Thompson remarks in his Preface, he is so very difficult to believe in. There is no discernible pattern, no even faintly guiding purpose. He lived a full half dozen lives, all of them brilliant, all dazzlingly unsuccessful. The pieces refuse to fit together. What battles did this distinguished soldier take part in? Why did the sailor universally acknowledged to be Drake's heir never receive an important independent command? Which were the verses that this friend of Marlowe and Spenser, and almost their peer, actually wrote? What has become of the colonies that the first of English imperialists attempted to settle? The answer in each case is ignorance, dispute—or simply nothing. He was one of the three great party leaders of his time, yet he never was admitted to the Privy Council where so many commonplace lesser men sat. He attempted a gorgeous feat of exploration and only



SIR WALTER RALEIGH

succeeded in getting himself beheaded for trespassing on other people's land.

Perhaps the answer to his life is the one implied in Mr. Thompson's subtitle: "the last of the Elizabethans." A man laboring under the oppression of mortality, he tried to squeeze the whole activity of a great turbulent era into his own single lifetime. The era ended before he did and he was left stranded—"a man," to paraphrase his own lovely epithet during his trial on his dead mistress Elizabeth, "whom Time had surprised." The age of King James had no use for restless geniuses, for gallant failure; it preferred sober, cautious fellows who knew on which side their bread was buttered. James almost realized the fond wish of the Roman Emperor who lamented that his people had not one neck: by removing Sir Walter Raleigh's head he was able to decapitate with a single stroke of the axe the age of his illustrious predecessor.

Basing himself upon Edward Harlow's study of "Raleigh's Last Voyage," Mr. Thompson produces a new and extremely plausible account of what really happened during the most obscure episode in his hero's life, the second voyage up the Orinoco. His lieutenant Kemys violated orders, went twenty miles beyond the destination to which he had been sent, became involved in the fatal fight with the Spaniards which caused his own suicide, young Raleigh's death, his master's execution. Mr. Thompson writes with a scholar's thoroughness in a poet's prose. When one has finished one knows not only the story of Raleigh's life in true perspective and against a full background, but also what the author's predecessors in the field (those entitled to an opinion, at any rate) made of it. To the "half dozen good lives of Raleigh in two centuries" Mr. Thompson has added a worthy successor.

Milton Waldman is the author of a life of Sir Walter Raleigh and other historical studies. His book on Catherine de Medici is shortly to be published.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Translations from the South American

¿Warning?

THE Spanish language
Most courteous in the world
Prints an inverted interrogation
At the beginning of the sentence
To warn you a question is coming.

I wish this were possible in conversation
For questions are always dangerous.

Questionnaire

Among the 41 questions asked
Of South American aliens
Entering the EE. UU.
Are these:—
¿Si es poligamo? ¿Si es anarquista?
¿Si pretende derrocar por fuerza
al Gobierno de los Estados Unidos, etc?
Viz., Do you propose to demolish by force
the Government of the United States, etc?
And it's curious how that "etc."
Seems to imply that even Uncle Sam
Knows how silly this is.

Apt

In the same questionnaire
I learned the Spanish word for husband:—
Casado, housebroken.

Scottish Touch

She was built in Copenhagen,
4576 gross tons
(*Brute* tons, they say in Spanish)
But she has the majestic Shanks plumbing
From Barrhead near Clyde,
Which flushes with a braw Scottish guttural.

Literary Note

In the Gulf of Panama
Is a reef called Trollope Rock
And if A. Edward Newton were a shipmaster
He would steer right for it.

Praise of a Lady

I'm in favor of small ships.
Even with a wet Plimsoll
Rita draws only 20 feet,
And on the focsle head
One is intimate with the sea.

Thoughts on the Beach

At Mollendo, Peru, the surf is so heavy
Passengers are hoisted to the pier
By a crane and a swinging seat
And there I learned Spain's marvellous phrase
For indolent sitting:—
Silla Poltrona,
The Poltroon Chair.

Word Study

The Spanish word for the crew of a ship
Is *tripulacion.*
Eloquent indeed: for it is they who bear
The tribulation of the voyage—
Both passengers and sea.

Psychology of a Ship

We were at anchor in some South American port
And Hector, our admirable steward,
Was having trouble getting his orders in the galley.
"I'll tell you the psychology of a ship,"
He murmured in my ear.
"A ship is meant to sail.
When she stops, intelligence stops."

The Andes

In Santiago de Chile
No one asks you
¿What do you think of our sky-line?
Yet well they might,
It is the noblest in the world.

Everywhere Needed

They have sky-line in their thinking, too;
For I saw a government building
On which was written
DEPARTMENT OF SOCIAL PREVISION.

A Prohibition

You mustn't take *las onces* into the shrubbery
Said the notice in a Santiago park
Which I innocently supposed
A discretion of moral restraint
But I learned that *las onces,* the elevens,
Means what one eats at 11 a.m.,
A picnic lunch.

Pronunciation

I was greatly encouraged
In my struggles with Spanish
When I read the advertisement
For an imported lipstick:—
El Lápiz Labial OUTDOOR GIRL
Pronúnciese AUDOARGUEL.

Inca at Heart

An engineer gave me an ash-tray
Made of a chunk of smelted bismuth.
The ore, when cooked,
Crystallizes in cubes and terraces,
Condenses in sharp stairs and corners
Like the ruins of a mimic Cuzco.

O basic and everlasting geometry!
The cordillera itself
In the slack and purge of fire
Boils into right angles,
Takes conventional Inca pattern.
The greatest disorder on earth
Has the instinct of Perfect Form.

The Cure

The best of all medicines is curiosity.
Charles Darwin, visiting Chile in 1835,
Crossed the Andes from Santiago to Mendoza.
He was apprehensive about mountain sickness
But when he found sea-shells 14000 feet up
He was so excited
He forgot to feel ill.

Long Memory

It took South America a long time
To forget the buccaneers.
When Darwin visited Coquimbo
There was still an old lady
Who remembered that in her youth
When a British ship came into the harbor
There rose the cry *Los Ingleses!*
All the people bundled their valuables
And fled to the mountains.

What Does It

Lo mismo is what they say to the bartender
(Viz., *the same*)
And the West Coast has a proverb:
It isn't the whiskey but the Lo Mismo
That gets you down.

Diogenes With Flashlight

At the great gambling house in Viña del Mar
(Valparaiso's swank suburb)
They were furbishing for the spring opening.
The training classes for croupiers were busy.
(An amusing word, *croupier*:
One who rides on the rump, or crupper,
Of the public purse.)
But I was most interested
In the adjacent symbolisms:
A quicksand on the beach,
Booming surf to drown the groans of the losers,
And a pretty marble statue
Of a ragged boy carrying a girl in swoon.
An emblem, perhaps, of Dollar and Peso
Helping each other across a Depression.

Out in the bay, tossing in dories,
Were some honest men
Earning a living by fish.

Onomatopoeia

Another wonderful word, *carcajada,*
Meaning what it sounds like, a belly-laugh.
For instance, of Chaplin's TIEMPOS MODERNOS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A truly thrilling novel, not soon to be forgotten."
Charles Hanson Towne

Of Lena Geyer

by Marcia Davenport

"If you like the opera, you will riot in the pages of *Of Lena Geyer,* Mrs. Davenport's exultantly operatic story of the rise of a diva." *Clifton Fadiman in The New Yorker.* $2.75

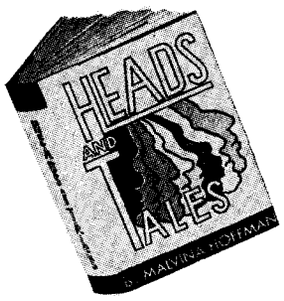
★

An outstanding autobiography of the year

Heads and Tales

by Malvina Hoffman

A vivid narrative, hundreds of fascinating illustrations — the eventful life story of a famous American artist. $5.00



at all bookstores

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

The advertisement said:—
Siempre la carcajada
Sonora, franca, e incontenible.
This picture, the announcement added,
Will realize itself indefectibly tomorrow
In functions of Vermouth and Night.

Futbol

Next after the movies
South America's passion is futbol
And I enjoyed reading
Of the Peruvian golquiper
In the Olympic match with Finland.
It looked like a Finnish gol
But the Peruvian correspondent
Burst into jubilant rhyme
Which sticks in my head:—
Puede que sí
Puede que nó
Pero el referi
Lo anulo.

The Folders

In the West Coast ports
Stevedores, fleteros, cholos of every hue
Have endless enthusiasm
For the Tourist Folders
Showing scenes aboard luxury liners—
Ladies in low-backs at the cocktail bar,
Ladies toasting by the tiled swimming pool,
Ladies with plenty to eat and drink
But hardly enough to wear.

At every port the Purser's rack is emptied
And as lighters and launches roll away
You see them studying the pictures
Convinced of the incredible.
Volcano and earthquake
They take for granted
But the *turista Norteamericana*
Remains a phenomenon.

Politics

Republicans on board
Were delighted by a misprint
In the daily news bulletin:—
"President Roosevelt is considering
A Coast-to-Coast speaking tour
Retracting his course of 1932."

Fertilizers

The tourists, said a witty Peruvian,
Are like the guano birds
And must not be frightened.
They come in long strings
And perch only briefly
But their droppings are valuable.

Tortoise and Hare

Clear as our crystal Caribbean weather
Was the prose of the Weather Man,
An author trained and terse.
An area of low pressure
450 miles ENE of St. Thomas
Is moving NW.
No high winds reported yet
But caution advised
For vessels in path of disturbance.
But we creamed along at steady 13 knots
And got in first.
It was Æsop all over again:
The hurricane hadn't yet made up its mind
Which way to travel,
And we had.

Acoustics

Putting my head under water in the bath
To enjoy the rhythm of the engines,
I heard a sharp irregular clanking.
Do Diesels make a noise like that,
I wondered; and then learned
They were chipping paint on Number 3 hatch.

Contraband

It's no use telling me about the marvellous Andes
Said the Ship News Reporter at Quarantine.
If I put in my story
That the Andes are beautiful
The boss will think I'm trying to Sell Travel.
¿What do you think of the Results in Maine?

With Salt

¿And were you, said the Reporter,
Completely sundered from the world?
Not at all, said the Traveler.
We had our daily news bulletin
Telling of the great strides made by Governor Landon.
¿And what did you think about that?
We took it with some grains of salt
And there's plenty of salt in the ocean.

Beside the Limpopo

(*Continued from page* 4)

period) were, most of them, characterized by a stupefying ignorance of what they were talking about, an instinctive fear of experience, and a vocational preference for describing America by gazing into the crystals of their souls. They knew no history. The American frontier was where Rousseau's disciples went; down to the Civil War American life was a simple unity of homogeneous people; the nation had never produced a reformer or a rebel; the begetters of the only true society on the continent were the Hopi Indians; since the Americans had never taken kindly to bells on the bottoms of their pants, it followed that the nation had no folk art; as late as 1935 we were told that Dewey destroyed Cervera's fleet; and wasn't it a shame that a potential artist like S. F. B. Morse was betrayed by our native materialism into inventing [*sic*] the magnetic telegraph? They had no sociology except Herbert Spencer, of whom they spoke very highly, and Thorstein Veblen, whom they misquoted so violently as to suggest that they knew him principally by rumor (and upsurgent youth, in 1936, here follows the

(*Continued on page* 16)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A masterpiece."
—FANNY BUTCHER, CHICAGO TRIBUNE

Steps Going Down

by JOHN T. McINTYRE

American winner of The All-Nations Prize Novel Competition

Powerful: "As profound as Santayana, and as lively as a dime novel . . . on its way to world fame. A powerful and significant novel."—*Boston Transcript*

Entertains: "I can see why the judges thrilled when they bit into this slice of low life. It entertains."—*Harry Hansen.*

Modern: "The most Dickensian novel that has been published here or in England in the last decade. And yet, it is as modern as television, as hard-boiled as a police court. It's a novel that won't be forgotten."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Distinctive: "The most striking novel of this American year."
—*Sidney Williams, Philadelphia Inquirer*

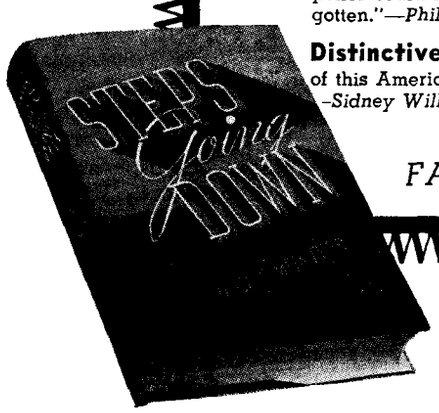
Holds you: "It will hold you from beginning to end."—*Charles Hanson Towne.*

Speedy: "The most readable story of its kind since *Appointment in Samarra.* Extraordinarily readable. You won't find it easy to put his book down, and this department takes a modest pride in the infrequency with which it makes such claims."
—*Clifton Fadiman, New Yorker.*

Striking: "A striking venture in American realistic fiction. We forecast that it will be widely read."—*N. Y. Times.*

Lively: "A lively and frequently amusing book."—*Time*

504 pages, $2.50



FARRAR & RINEHART, 232 MADISON AVE., N. Y.

40,000 copies sold!

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beside the Limpopo

(*Continued from page* 14)

elders' well-worn path). They had no economics at all (but in 1936 you become an economist by writing a novel). They had no travel in the despised hinterland: all they could find in The Small Town was the fraternal society and the lodge convention and the county fair. They observed the World's Series bleachers and decided that the Americans took their sport, as they took Life, vicariously, whereupon manufacturers of skis and tennis rackets and hunting equipment and automobiles shut down their mills. What they knew about agriculture was that an American manure pile (moved, in 1936, from Iowa to Idaho) was a symbol of spiritual squalor at whose steaming puddles Matilda gazed of a March morning with dumb and frustrate disgust, whereas a French manure pile meant the good life and the reality of human emotion in touch with the soil and therefore in touch also with the bloodstream of a liberal culture.

So they reported on America while there was yet time. But the America they reported on and saw collapsing every quarter-day was a derivative of theory and of dream—a province next door to Ophir, beyond the Hörselberg, somewhere along the Limpopo River all set about with fever trees. Wishfulness and a fine logic and a dread of experience were an effective insulation, and of the many paralyses they suffered, two were worst of all. They did not know the Middle West or the middle class. The clear-eyed, dauntless, and uncompromising youth of the We're Younger Generation, who will avoid all the errors of those who were young so sentimentally, are currently steaming full speed ahead in complete ignorance of the Middle West and the middle class.

There was also that personal devil, standardization. In Detroit Henry Ford (Ben Franklin's loathsome heir) was making cylinder-rings which deplorably fitted any Ford cylinder anywhere, whereas each should have been unique and made by hand. (The generation's ambivalence toward machinery was another of its despairs.) Therefore you could not tell Portland, Maine, from Portland, Oregon, or from New Orleans—whose inhabitants all saw the same movies, thought the same thoughts, spoke with the same accent, lived in the same architecture, and voted the same way on another ol' deyvil, the tariff. The generation walloped America for failing to standardize on Matisse, and also larruped it for being so dreadfully of one piece. The whole nation was just one drab, gray monotone of thought, though in the next chapter it caught hell because no program of reform could be put through congress since the sections would never agree. On page 5, a gum-chewing, movie-going standardization has stifled the priceless individuality of the immigrant cultures; on page 50, refusing its noble destiny as the Melting Pot, America remains just a polyglot boarding house. The generation was capable of many magnificent feats but of no other so arresting as this: that it could look at a chaos of races, cultures, creeds, traditions, philosophies, political and economic systems that has only once or twice been a nation and then only for brief periods of danger—and see a uniformity so dull that no artist could draw his breath there and no thinker find the courage to go on. The boys shuddered away from the Chicagoan for being a back-slapping, dynamic, uninhibited boor, and their nostrils quivered at the poison of a Bostonian's inhibition that said nay to life—and somehow, in the mystical reveries of the thoughtful, both were the same. They loved the South because it had a Cavalier tradition, reviled it because it came from the same oppressive mold as the Puritan neurosis, applauded the grace and realism and intellectual distinction of its aristocratic system, and wept over its native American violence in first flogging and later lynching its Negroes. What America most lacked and needed, they felt sure, was intimacy with the soil; nevertheless America was a nation of yokels dominated by the ignorance and superstition of the rural mind; and standardization made a Vermont farmhouse identical with an Arkansas share-cropper's shack, while the peasant manias of the up-country were what kept us a backward people, though our gravest cultural defect was the lack of a peasantry.

So now, suddenly, requiems are being sung over a literary generation. There has not been time to give America a civilization, or even personality and gaiety, but there has been time for the boys—some of them—to grow older.

For one thing, they are back from Europe, and it was not only the devaluation of the dollar that brought them back. A good many of them share a uniformity with the leopard and the Ethiopian that obscures the others. One type has been forced to wonder whether the trickle of books from the Left Bank really justifies the agonies of exile. Thought, he finds, will not sustain itself without material to work on; and books, he finds, do not write themselves, even when they are meant to make America the gift of gaiety. But this type has come home only to the Limpopo. He records that the French poor are graceful and have something to do and see and be amused by (Dr. Céline doubtless agreeing), altogether decorative poor they are, but in America the poor have no grace. Suburbia, he finds, is much worse. He confesses that time has

(*Continued on page* 18)

"A delicious book . . ."

A Place in the Country

by DWIGHT FARNHAM

"A GLEEFUL account of how the author and his wife built up a Westport estate out of a mere piece of land."—*New Yorker.*

"A delicious book . . . the kind of book Thoreau would have written if he had lived in the middle third of the Twentieth Century working in a skyscraper with his hands, living at Walden in his heart."

—*William Allen White.*

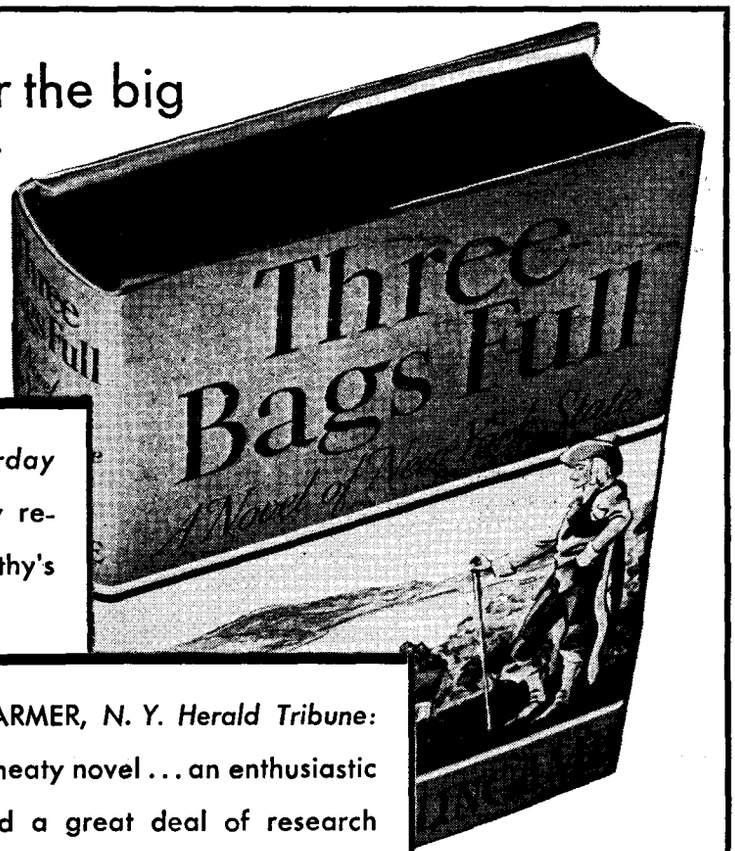
Illustrated with photographs and drawings.

$2.50

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RARE PRAISE for the big new American novel by Roger Burlingame



WALTER D. EDMONDS, *Saturday Review:* His skill and his honesty remind me inescapably of Galsworthy's in the long saga of the Forsytes.

CARL CARMER, *N. Y. Herald Tribune:* A long, meaty novel . . . an enthusiastic spirit and a great deal of research have gone into it.

NEW YORKER: A rich and generous novel, rather in the Forsyte saga vein . . Mr. Burlingame's most ambitious and successful book.

Three Bags Full

Large octavo, 637 pages $3.00

A famous French novel

Louis Aragon's The Bells of Basel

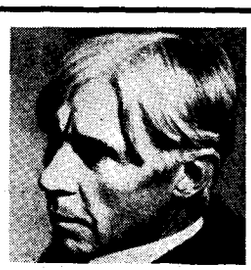
Translated by Haakon M. Chevalier. A satirical novel of pre-War Europe which takes its place beside other books on the continental scene before 1914, of which the most memorable are Jules Romains' "Men of Good Will," Briffault's "Europa." $2.50

•

The funniest novel of the season

Catalogue by George Milburn

"You'd better read Mr. Milburn, because he is emerging quite clearly as one of the best young writers in the country . . . A consistently shrewd and amusing book."—*Clifton Fadiman, New Yorker* 3rd printing. $2.00



• It has become a thrilling pastime to read aloud the rich, strong cadences of Sandburg's new long poem. Have you tried it?

Carl Sandburg's THE PEOPLE, Yes

"It becomes the voice of America, as has no other American poem since Walt Whitman."—*Lewis Gannett, N. Y. Herald Tribune* $2.50

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO. • 383 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Beside the Limpopo

(*Continued from page 16*)

taught him that men should make an ordered effort, should have a job to work at, should satisfy fundamental needs in marriage and parenthood and family life, should find the stability of living together and the symmetry of working in a community. Having learned that, he walks through suburbia where people have made an ordered effort and worked at their jobs and found the stability of marriage and parenthood. And he translates the symbols as just some ugly houses, and tells us that they have not the lift that ugliness has in France.

But age, agony, and Europe have taught some of the boys a different lesson. Conspiracy against the intellectual life? Well, they have seen some of the damnedest things done, in culture's truest home. Here in the suburbia of the standardized, the intellectuals are still publishing their brave manifestoes in uncensored magazines: in Germany and Italy a conspiracy that knows its stuff has filled the cemeteries with those who tried to live the intellectual life. The manufacturer of gadgets is still conversing badly about Matisse, but the artist who cannot draw his breath here is still writing the kind of books he wants to write, whereas there have been some enthusiastic pogroms in the name of art on Moscow's golden shore. The American continent is still standardized, the moneychangers having lain down with Father Coughlin while Rex Tugwell is leading both, and strong winds are blowing. But they are different winds from those which the boys observed in Europe and, at the generation's end, they have blown some of its fantasies away. A most astonishing revision has been going on.

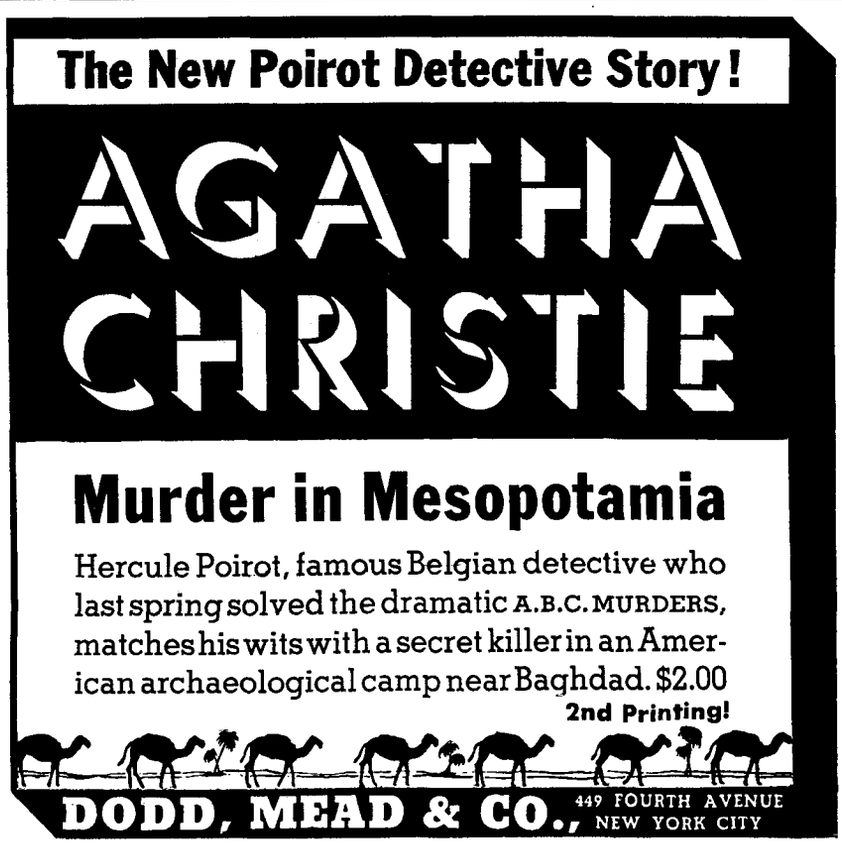
The generation's finest critic was Mr. Van Wyck Brooks. He most brilliantly of all set out to find a usable past, most bitterly discovered that there was none, and most logically and rigorously worked out the generation's master idea, that American life stifled moral courage and spiritual greatness and true art. And lately Mr. Brooks has published a wise, profound, and very moving book in which he finds a usable past and turns up in the craven America the most astonishing courage in letters and leadership, the most amazing spiritual endeavor in the literary life, and the most astounding excellence of art in the wine of the Puritans. If one makes parallel columns of quotations from "The Flowering of New England" and from the books which Mr. Brooks was writing fifteen and twenty years ago, one beholds the best of the generation making a formal recantation.

The generation's finest novelist was Sinclair Lewis. He was also the one most alert to all the rhythms and overtones and shadows of the generation, and in him also, as in Mr. Brooks, one may plot the curve of a reversal. The butt of "Babbitt" became the hero of "Work of Art." And when Mr. Lewis began to meditate on what could or couldn't happen here, midnight struck at last and all bets were off. For the savior of the good life, the Doremus Jessup who cannot die, is the editor of that *Weekly Dauntless* which Carol Kennicott despised, and when revolt breaks out against intolerable tyranny and standardization it first shows its strength in—the State of Winnemac. Gopher Prairie has become the hope of the world.

And by 1936 the generation has arrived at the position from which Robert Frost started in 1913.

A vigorous and colorful generation, an emancipated and emancipating generation, the most interesting generation of our literature. But a wishful generation, impermeable to experience, separated by iridescent mist from the realities of men and women living on this continent, conjuring up an America of fantasy out of theory, syllogisms, and boyhood lacks. And too soft. Times were too easy, success and reputation were too easily come by, it was too much respected and too gently handled by itself, by its critics and especially by the public. . . . The times are harder now and Mr. Van Doren believes that his third world, including our post-depression literary youth, is tougher-minded. One hopes so but must ask leave to doubt. What can be discerned of a younger generation in literature does indeed regard its elders as sentimental, but alas that means not that it is more realistic but only that the foci of sentiment have changed with the fashions. The Still Younger Intellectuals, producing for us still another kind of dissolute and collapsing America, may be reached at the old address, an ivory tower beside the Limpopo River, looking out to sea; and when reached there will be found in the familiar posture, gazing at their navels. The chief difference between them and their predecessors is that their theories will hold more gas and so rise higher from the common earth.

There is no sign yet that our writers are beginning to prefer looking at America and the Americans to approaching them with a set of preconceptions derived from a mystical trance. American literature is not, at the moment, preparing to be realistic about America. Nothing can be done to make it so, or very little. Criticism might stop helping writers admire their own beautiful ideas. It might begin to call mere gas by its right name, to designate guesswork as charlatanry and mystical nonsense as plain ignorance, to point out that misrepresentation, however generously intended, is just lying. But criticism cannot do much; let us, rather, invoke prayer. One who has the national literature at heart can pray that the Americans may stop greeting with patient courtesy whatever bilge literary gents offer as descriptions of the nation, and let loose upon it the tonic stimulus of a belly laugh. And he can pray that writers may turn to experience, and away from books and theories—or, since that is praying for a miracle, that fortune may endow American literature with a good sociologist. God send the Republic someone who knows how the Americans live and can give the theories of the literary some basis in things as they actually are.


The New Poirot Detective Story!
AGATHA CHRISTIE
Murder in Mesopotamia
Hercule Poirot, famous Belgian detective who last spring solved the dramatic A.B.C. MURDERS, matches his wits with a secret killer in an American archaeological camp near Baghdad. $2.00
2nd Printing!
DODD, MEAD & CO., 449 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Carl Van Doren

writes his memorable life story

THREE WORLDS

SINCLAIR LEWIS says: "It is necessary that we learn a little about ourselves, and *Three Worlds* gives us more than a little. It presents a sane and enormously talented American who has found our fields and our cement canyons not hag-ridden, but full of normal and exciting living." WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE says: *Three Worlds* is a lovely book. Carl Van Doren has kept the wisdom and faith of an understanding heart. $3.00

By Alexis Carrel

MAN, THE UNKNOWN

One year old—and a nation-wide best-seller since publication! The amazing book which is opening new worlds to hundreds of thousands of readers. $3.50

Louis Adamic

presents a new novel in the setting of THE NATIVE'S RETURN

CRADLE OF LIFE

"When you read it you enter upon a unique and exciting experience," says *Lewis Gannett* in his review of this brilliant story of Rudo Stanka, illegitimate son of a Hapsburg." And *William Soskin* in the *New York Herald Tribune "Books"* says, "It is surely one of the most unusual novels of recent years . . . fresh and life-giving. All its hungry expression of social idealism is contained in a story as fantastic, bizarre and entertaining as the most popular thrillers." $2.50

JUST OUT

New, up-to-date, completely revised and reset edition

INSIDE EUROPE

By John Gunther

Complete revision, as well as new material on the death-struggle in Spain, Blum's bloodless revolution, Germany's rearmament, etc., make this *the* indispensable guide to Europe today. 200,000 words. $3.50

LADIES OF THE PRESS

By Ishbel Ross

Foreword by STANLEY WALKER

N.Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW: "Ishbel Ross, herself one of the ablest of New York's newspaper women, has written from the 'inside' a masterly, captivating, illuminating and significant book." 622 pages. $3.75

EYELESS IN GAZA

By Aldous Huxley

The most brilliant sceptic of our times has discovered what makes life worth living, and found this discovery he has written one of the finest novels of this generation."—*N. Y. Times*. America's best selling novel of the contemporary scene. 2.50

J. B. Priestley's

new fiction success

THEY WALK IN THE CITY

Written in the vein of "Angel Pavement," filled with the knowledge of modern life which made "English Journey" a tremendous non-fiction success, this is one of the greatest novels of an outstanding modern writer. HUGH WALPOLE says: "A wonderful panorama . . . the whole pageantry of modern England." N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW says: "He has a shrewd and warm understanding of universal emotional experience . . . a story of instinctive tenderness, rich in close observations." $2.50

Important!

THE ASSASSINS

By FREDERIC PROKOSCH

New lyrics by the author of *The Asiatics*, distinguished by their exquisite sensitiveness and glamour. $2.00

THE RISE OF LIBERALISM

By HAROLD J. LASKI

"Fertile in ideas; a solid stretch of fine political prose."—*The Observer, London.* $3.00

SPLENDOUR IN THE GRASS

By AUDREY WURDEMANN

A new volume of poems by the winner of the Pulitzer Prize for poetry. $2.00

By Hiram Percy Maxim

A GENIUS IN THE FAMILY

A HARPER "FIND"

The intimate story of the brilliant inventor, Hiram Stevens Maxim, whose incorrigible practical joking made life in his household a never-ending adventure for his gullible small son and his very proper wife—not to mention the startled neighbors. "A book of charm and lasting humor, tempting to read aloud. Particularly it belongs on the 'must read' list of all fathers."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* $2.00

LETTERS TO SUSAN

By Margaret Culkin Banning

In these intimate letters of a modern mother to her daughter a famous novelist answers, from a mother's point of view, the average girl's perplexing questions on: drinking, late hours, necking, engagements and many other personal problems. $1.50

By Henry L. Stimson

former Secretary of State

THE FAR-EASTERN CRISIS

This dramatic book takes the reader behind the scenes with history in-the-making. It shows how Japan's activities in Manchuria and Shanghai threatened world war, how the State department worked day and night to avert the catastrophe, and how the United States' Non-Recognition Doctrine was evolved. $3.75

MIDNIGHT

By Julian Green

"There can be no questioning the concentrated artistry of this novel. It would not be too much to compare the second half of the book, with its deepening, sinister power and its tragic, doomed ending, with *The Fall of the House of Usher.*"—*Saturday Review of Literature.* $2.50

HARPER & BROTHERS

49 East 33rd St., New York

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The COMPLETE WORKS of SHAKESPEARE in the Famous Authoritative Text

$1.

THE OXFORD SHAKESPEARE

Edited by W. J. Craig

1356 pages, prepared from the first Folio of 1623 and quartos issued during the life of Shakespeare with glossary.

THE REIGN OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

1558-1603

by J. B. Black

This book, a volume in the great *Oxford History of England*, is by the Professor of History at Aberdeen University and covers authoritatively and completely one of the most interesting periods in English History. With maps. $5.00

THE ENCHANTED GLASS

The Elizabethan Mind in Literature

By Hardin Craig

"So lively an exploration of the Elizabethan mind as crystallized in the literature of the age as to offer uncommonly good reading for those who would like further knowledge of the intellectual interests of Shakespeare's day."—*N. Y. Times.* $2.50

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
114 Fifth Avenue New York

ANNOUNCING AN EXTRAORDINARY SALE OF

100,000

Parlophone, Odeon, Decca discs. These marvellous European recordings comprise the cream of world's finest music. A selection to gratify every taste. Sale prices: 50c & 75c per record. Values $1 & $2. Mail orders. Catalog.

GRAMOPHONE SHOP, Inc., 18 E. 48th St., N. Y.

THE FALL ANNOUNCEMENT NUMBER

of *The Saturday Review* is coming on October 10th. This will be an unusually attractive special issue which you certainly will not want to miss, so why not send in your order (accompanied by ten cents in stamps for each copy) today; or even better, send in your subscription to begin with that issue. The rate is $3.50 for the year (52 issues) or you may take advantage of our special offer of three months (13 issues) for $1.00. Subs. Dept., *The Saturday Review*, 25 West 45th St., New York.

The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THERE are several books before me that are quite above the common run of poetry of our time. But before I come to them I should like to discuss a little a most interesting anthology compiled by *Corliss Lamont* and called "Man Answers Death" (G. P. Putnam's Sons: $3). The collection is chosen from the properly Humanist point of view which, in Mr. Lamont's own words, "does not mean merely the happy acceptance and cultivation of the numberless goods of an abundant Nature. It also means that, however desirable a long and rounded life may be, the *quality* of life counts above all. It means . . . that however wholesome may be the full-hearted enjoyment of the quickly-passing present, there is always our obligation to the future and to the ideal of human progress." I am heartily with him in this, and I applaud his compilation from the poets. But Man's answer to death, through the poets, is necessarily, in these choices, merely that (as for survival beyond death) we either doubt the fact entirely or must remain agnostics. Until science, also, discovers the secret of life, not merely in the body but in the mind, the final word will never be said concerning this strange intelligence of man, so quick with dreams and the ensuing rejection of its dreams. If there be any survival, all we know is that it will be entirely beyond man's imagination, great and vivid as that has been at times. Man has ever used symbols and conjured with them. God is his greatest symbol. It is bad for man to become dogmatic concerning this issue. Men have slain their natural brothers for centuries over it; even as they slay them today over far meaner and even positively evil concepts. In this volume you will find the fruit of noble minds, something that—turning from the wars of religion, murder in the name of the State, all the horrors of the present age—will be, as *Masefie'd* has put it, "a rampart to the mind." Here you will find deep wisdom, strong stoicism, essential bravery.

Farrar & Rinehart have brought out in sumptuous style "The Gaucho Martin Fierro," by *José Hernández*, adapted from the Spanish and rendered into English verse by *Walter Owen* with drawings by *Alberto Guiraldes*, the Argentine artist. This famous epic of the South American gaucho, or cowboy, has long waited for the right hand to adapt it properly for English readers, and on reading Mr. Owen's version and versification there is no doubt that now it has been found. A preface to this American edition tells us that it is a facsimile reproduction of the limited English edition printed at the Shakespeare Head Press, St. Aldates, and published last year by Basil Blackwell. It had great vogue in England. The introduction acquaints us with the nature of the South American gaucho, the popularity in its own land of "Martin Fierro" (during the seven years between the publication of the first part and that of the second, the sale of the first totalled sixty thousand copies, and these were worn to tatters by many a camp-fire). "The gaucho saw . . . in Hernández the champion of his wrongs; and in the hero of his poem, Martin Fierro, the prototype of his own hardy race." The translator has attempted, and successfully, "to sing Martin Fierro's song as he would have sung it if he had been able to use English with the same fluency, raciness, and vigor as his native idiom." The ballad metre of the cantos is an effective vehicle. The first part concerns Fierro's exploits and perils and how he finds, in a fight with the authorities, his comrade Cruz. The second part tells of his life among the Indians (and never has there been a more fiery outburst against Indian cruelty, though the gauchos themselves had little regard for human life and were extraordinarily quick with the knife), and the stories of his sons. There is much that might be commented upon and quoted, had I the space. I have not, and so must content myself by saying that this is a straightforward narrative of verse that will appeal to any man of action.

Frederic Prokosch, author of "The Assassins" (Harper & Brothers: $2) is a young American who wrote a remarkable novel in "The Asiatics." He graduated from Haverford at the age of eighteen, where he took his Master's, and four years later was a Ph.D. in English literature at Yale, where his father is Sterling Professor of Linguistics. He has been much abroad. This present volume of poems is a fine first book in that field.

Dusk on his eyes, the long ferns staining his temples, My brothers
Said the Prince autumn-eyed out of the cavern: Listen: all
Will come to me, some by the shrill swift road of suffering; some
By the mountainous northern road of doing, in deep night; the others
(Praying; the saddest, some of the proudest and strongest) by
The long white road of exhaustion. And when he'd ended no bird's call
Was left, nothing was left, nothing, the nettles black as the dry
Sigh of his eyes, night on his eyelids saying
This is the final dreading
Of history ending, an end to living and terror spreading,
The dead destroying, the living dying, the dream fulfilling,
The long night falling, and knowledge failing and memory fading.

An exceptionally beautiful lyric in the tradition is "Pastoral," and "The Gothic Dusk," wholly of our time, is majestic. There are far countries in this book and a tragic sense of human love. "Alexandria" is a remarkable poem. There are original rhythms and always great beauty of cadence. I quarrel with Mr. Prokosch's syntax occasionally. But his book is decidedly exciting.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RANDOM HOUSE BOOKS

MOSCOW SKIES
by Maurice Hindus
author of HUMANITY UPROOTED, etc.

The first best-selling book about the new Russia was written by Maurice Hindus. It opened the eyes of thousands to the terrific struggle for an entirely new way of life that began in Russia in 1917. MOSCOW SKIES is Hindus's *novel* of this upheaval—and of the men and women who worked, fought and sometimes starved for their faith in their new ideal through the crucial days of the first Five Year Plan.
698 pages, $2.75

GUIDE TO PHILOSOPHY
by C. E. M. Joad

The distinguished British philosopher and psychologist presents a comprehensive survey of philosophy from Plato and Aristotle to Bergson and Whitehead. "As thrilling and as easy to read as a novel."—*W. Somerset Maugham.* 592 pages, indexed, $2.50

NOW THAT APRIL'S HERE
by Morley Callaghan

"Put this book on your *must* list."—*N. Y. Times Book Review.* Thirty-five of Morley Callaghan's best stories are here collected for the first time between book covers. $2.00

THE WAR IN OUTLINE
by Liddell Hart

A complete history of the World War in 285 pages. Without the slightest sacrifice of accuracy or clarity, Liddell Hart describes every campaign, every innovation, every change of leadership of the entire conflict on land and sea. $2.00

A TIME TO REMEMBER
by Leane Zugsmith

This exciting novel turns a great department store inside out! . . . "This is not only the best novel that Miss Zugsmith has written, but one of the best social-minded novels that anybody has written . . . *A Time to Remember* is impressive both for what it has to say and for the way it says it."
—LOUIS KRONENBERGER, *The Nation.* $2.00

Send for a complete catalog · RANDOM HOUSE · *20 East 57 Street, N. Y. C.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The First Cape Governor

JAN VAN RIEBEECK. A Biographical Study. By C. Louis Leipoldt. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1936. $5.

Reviewed by FLORENCE SNELL

THE internationally-minded as well as those who love sea-stories and pioneering tales will find much to enjoy in Dr. Leipoldt's biographical study of Jan van Riebeeck, while those who cling to the Calvinism of that period will find support for their doctrine of predestination and fore-ordination in the establishment of European civilization in South Africa, which is, after all, the subject of the book. Though the Cape of Good Hope was discovered in 1503 and had been made a port of call for water by voyagers throughout the sixteenth century, the Dutch East India Company in establishing the world's first sea-trade route, passed around Africa without seeing it. The English attempt, 1614-1619, to make a settlement had been abandoned and not till the wreck of the *Haarlem,* in 1647, did the Dutch first camp on the shore and consider the establishment of a fort and garden. Even then, with van Riebeeck settled there as the first Governor, he was merely instructed to develop a refreshment and trading station. Every step he took toward establishing a settlement was blocked by the Company and only the Governor's tact, wisdom, and Dutch perseverance enabled him, almost surreptitiously, to carry out his plans. Van Riebeeck, himself, even at the highest points he reached in the development of the settlement, seems never to have had any real pioneering spirit but did what his intelligence told him should be done because it was "good business," all in the way of helping him toward the fulfilment of his great ambition to move on to India and become there Governor-General of the Dutch East Indies, an ambition never, alas, to be realized. The book gives an interesting account of the characters that made up the Dutch East India Company and of the workings of that astute if avaricious body. It gives, too, a remarkable picture of the life at the Cape, of the difficulties faced there by Van Riebeeck, and of the man himself as he deals with these difficulties and possibilities during his ten years' residence. It also paints the beauties of the Cape when the slopes of Table Mountain were wooded and when lions, leopards, and natives roamed there and carried on their various types of depredations. The description of the Cape and the account of the effects of the climate, soil, and natives on the growth of the settlement are illumined by Dr. Leopoldt's unusual range of scientific, medical, and ethnological knowledge. Possibly the most vital point in the book is the discussion of the effect of the introducing of slaves and its subsequent effect on present-day South Africa. Though we may agree with all he says of the Cape colored, and the vitiating effect of their presence, we doubt if the natives would not have been developed into much the same type of laboring class in their stead; though the dangerous effects of miscegenation would probably have been avoided, they would yet have had the hampering effect a subjugated serving-class always does have on Europeans. However this may be, no one can know South Africa as a country without realizing that the rigors of droughts and south-easters with the other vicissitudes of climate and environment offer plenty of opportunity for the development of character which, with the out-of-door-all-the-round life found there, has helped to make that early settlement into one of the healthiest and finest European nations of the world.

Dr. Leipoldt regrets as we ourselves must that this study in the biography of Jan van Riebeeck, based though it is on a careful study of material for the first time made available in English, yet fails to give us his character as a living personality. No documents could do that. Be that as it may, we, however, who read this volume, will find in it and through it the personality of the author, who, for all his reserve and the impersonality of his writing, yet reveals himself as a man whom we number with those few and rare authors whom we would wish personally to know.

Reggie Fortune

is at his best in this new book containing six of the finest mystery novelettes ever written. $2.

A CLUE FOR MR. FORTUNE

by H. C. BAILEY

And don't miss these CRIME CLUB successes:

THE LADY IN THE MORGUE by Jonathan Latimer $2.

CASE OF THE CONSTANT GOD by Rufus King $2.

THE NEW FICTION SENSATION OF 1936

RAMON J. SENDER'S

SEVEN RED SUNDAYS

Lays open the inner seething in the human cauldron of Spanish Revolt. It is at once stark terror and sublime beauty, depicted by the skillful hand of a master story-teller.

At all Bookstores $2.50

LIVERIGHT • NEW YORK

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 130)

KATHARINE LEE BATES—"THE DEBT"

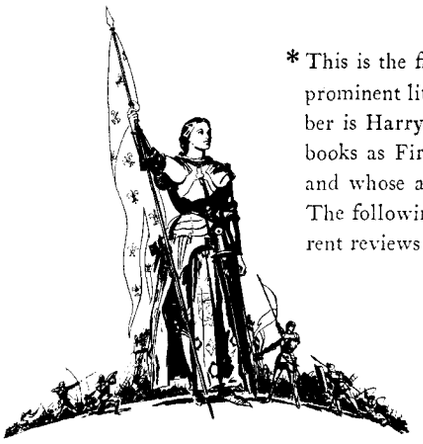
'Twere ill to quit an inn where I have had
Such bounteous fare nor pay my reckoning.
Yet I . . .
Would make my peace now with mine hostess Earth
. . . .
And toss her, far beneath my lodging's worth,
Poor that I am, a coin of golden joy.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Previews & Reviews*

BY

Harry Hansen



* This is the first of a series of advertisements featuring prominent literary critics. Our guest reviewer for October is Harry Hansen, who reviews the important new books as First Reader of the N. Y. *World-Telegram*, and whose audience is one of the largest in America. The following quotations are chosen from past or current reviews by Mr. Hansen. —*Doubleday, Doran.*

Exciting reading

"IF your blood hasn't been stirred by recent fiction, ARUNDEL will do it!"—wrote Harry Hansen when the first of Kenneth Roberts' great *Chronicles of Arundel* was published. The success of ARUNDEL was followed by THE LIVELY LADY, then by RABBLE IN ARMS, which Mr. Hansen called "a vivid account of the events leading up to the British campaign under General Burgoyne and culminating in the American victory at Saratoga . . keyed to an enthusiastic pitch . . exciting reading."

Then came CAPTAIN CAUTION, Mr. Roberts' odyssey of the War of 1812, completing his brilliant tetralogy of American history—four romances of breathless adventure, epic in scope and grandeur.

"And now," continues Harry Hansen, "Mr. Roberts, who became the talk of the publishing world because he wrote historical novels that people were willing and anxious to read, proves that the essay is alive and kicking when he takes it in hand in FOR AUTHORS ONLY. This book contains many fascinating sketches, one of them revealing how *Arundel* came to be written."

By Kenneth Roberts:

ARUNDEL THE LIVELY LADY
RABBLE IN ARMS CAPTAIN CAUTION
FOR AUTHORS ONLY $2.50 Each

●

Zestful living

"THE biggest joy in life comes from zestful living, and not from piling up money or impressing your friends with a false front. That's what Jim Hall discovered when the big crash came in 1929 and when he lost everything. But when Harold Sinclair, in JOURNEY HOME, shows how Jim Hall traveled in box cars, made love on a shanty boat and finally found real romance on a California ranch, he gives every reader a chance to pull up stakes and roam with him."

JOURNEY HOME
by Harold Sinclair. $2.00

An age-old enigma

"IN SAINT JOAN OF ARC, V. Sackville-West applies her fine, Anglican reasoning to the age-old enigma of the little peasant girl from Domremy who saved the King of France. Writing with dignity and restraint, in the style that has endeared her books to thousands of readers, she traces the evidence step by step and comes to a moving conclusion." In Mr. Hansen's opinion, "friends and enemies get their day in court, and passion, which distorts the truth, has no place in this logical record of Joan's pilgrimage."

SAINT JOAN OF ARC
by V. Sackville-West. $3.00

●

No weasel words

"WESTBROOK PEGLER'S 'T AINT RIGHT comes straight from the ringside, a first-hand report of the battle for human rights, in which Pegler lands smashing blows on the enemies of liberty, freedom and justice," declares Mr. Hansen in reviewing the work of his fellow-columnist. "There are no weasel words in Pegler's vocabulary, no polite gestures toward dictators who abuse the weak and the unarmed, who heap insults upon defenceless minorities. A fighting journalist of the old school, Pegler cries 'No Quarter!' and accepts no compromise."

'T AINT RIGHT
by Westbrook Pegler. $2.50

Packed with adventures

"THE first twenty-six years of Desmond Malone's life were packed with more adventures than many a man meets in a lifetime, so he made this juicy book about them—THE LAST LANDFALL. Son of a Connaught man who was a constable in a suburb of London, Malone became a wireless operator on a freighter out of Liverpool in wartime, was captured by a German submarine and kept as prisoner of war in the heart of Germany, where his attempt to escape as a corpse nearly finished him. The book is packed with characters and Malone describes them with a storyteller's ingenuity."

THE LAST LANDFALL
by Desmond Malone. $2.75

T. E. LAWRENCE'S great SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM, a nation-wide best-seller for twelve months, with nine large printings sold at $5.00, is now issued in a new edition—complete in every respect, with all the original illustrations—at $3.00. If you are a follower of *The First Reader*, you may recall Harry Hansen's prophecy that "If any book about the great war is read and remembered 100 years from now it is safe to predict that it will be 'Seven Pillars of Wisdom'—the most moving personal story of the war."

SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM
by T. E. Lawrence. $3.00

© 1936 by
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN
New York • Garden City • Toronto

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Biography

A GENIUS IN THE FAMILY. By Hiram Percy Maxim. Harpers. 1936. $2.

The Maxims were a family of inventive geniuses. Sir Hiram, Hiram Percy's father, was knighted by Queen Victoria for his invention of the Maxim gun. Hudson Maxim, an uncle, and at one time an extraordinary theorist concerning poetry, evolved that powerful high explosive, Maximite. Hiram Percy himself, recently deceased, introduced the Maxim Silencer, and also silencers for noises made by all types of engines. This book is the last-named's portrait of his distinguished father as viewed through the eyes of the small boy he was at the time his father fascinated him with the peculiarities of a most eccentric parent.

Eccentric, yet educational! How Sir Hiram broke through a complex of his very young daughter's in regard to arithmetic and changed her whole viewpoint toward her schoolwork is an example of exceptionally shrewd intelligence. The anecdotes told by his son reveal an essentially humane man with an irrepressible-small-boy inside him that delighted in fantastic speech and constant jokes. He was the most fascinating kind of father, always unexpected and original in his reactions to events. The son writes without any pretense toward literature, but is so natural and forthright in his telling of the very good stories he has to tell, that the reader is won completely and finishes the book—it is not a long one—in short order, wishing for more. Among informal books concerning family life quite out of the ordinary this deserves an honored place. The present reviewer is not going to pick out the plums. The reader will find the book an unusual sort of entertainment, full of chuckles and glowing with the affection of a small son for his irrepressible father—even though the son wrote the book as an adult, many years later.

W. R. B.

HEADS AND TALES. By Malvina Hoffman. Scribners. 1936. $5.

In 1930 the talented American sculptress, Malvina Hoffman, received a commission from the Field Museum to model racial types for an ethnological gallery. The original plan was to make the figures of colored plaster. Miss Hoffman tactfully had the material changed to bronze, and the very handsome results can now be seen at Chicago in the Hall of Man.

The plan involved zigzag travelling around the world, and a most elaborate technical preparation. Aborigines had to be modelled where they were found. Modelling stand was whatever presented itself—at times the baggage rack of a Ford car. A skilful maker of casts was in the party, and gradually the material reached Paris where it was put into enduring bronze.

Incidentally to telling her adventures on this quest Miss Hoffman writes of her own education and progress in sculpture, and describes at length the procedure of bronze casting. Her acquaintance has included Rodin, Paderewski, and other notables.

The touch in reminiscences interesting in their way is not light-handed, and an editorial blue pencelling would have much improved the book. As it is, the artist and art-loving layman will dig out of it much to his purpose.

Apart from reproductions of the author's sculptures there are numerous cuts of fascinating barbarians. It is hardly a book to read through, but it is a good book to keep at hand and dip into.

F. J. M., Jr.

Travel

CUBAN TAPESTRY. By Sydney A. Clarke. McBride. 1936. $3.

Here is a good guide for those who would visit Cuba comfortably, a factual and informative record of the wanderings of a professional tourist. Cuba is paradise, writes Mr. Clark, an island of sun and laughter and courage despite her tortured past, an island grinning welcome to Americans through lips battered by centuries of foreign and internecine cruelty. Columbus and Henry Morgan and Maceo, Machado and Leonard Wood, heroes and villains and harlots and nuns, are woven into the tapestry with a sure hand and chain-stitched there by clichés that permit of no escape. This is hardly so lusty a book as its characters deserve, but it is an accurate and amiable one, packed with anecdote, and generous in its survey of the entire Cuban scene.

H. D.

The New "Jalna" Novel by MAZO DE LA ROCHE

Whiteoak Harvest

JALNA 1934 1935

TWO THEMES woven together make this perhaps the most dramatic of all the stories of this most fascinating family in modern fiction, the Whiteoaks of Jalna: first the battle of wills between Renny and his wife which nearly wrecks their marriage; second the threat of losing the beloved homestead, Jalna, that knits the Whiteoak clan together closer than ever.

An Atlantic Book. $2.50

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.

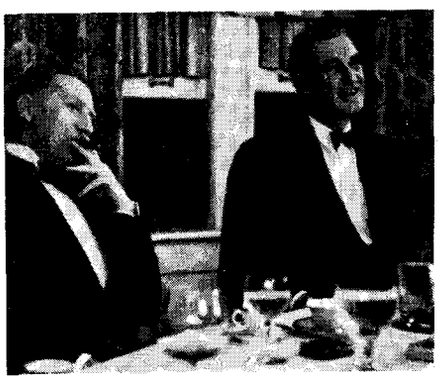
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

BERNARD DE VOTO
The critical De Soto
Explored the Big River
And the Mark Twain West—
He's our literary proctor
But he isn't a Doctor
And as plain Mister
Prefers to be addressed.
Q hasn't any photo
Of Mister DeVoto
But of good wishes
He has our best
(This poem was wrote-O
By the Winds and the Nest).

☞By the enterprise of our staff photographer, Mr. Bob Disraeli, we are able to give a snapshot of the dinner given at the Hangar Club by Mr. Nelson Doubleday on the occasion of Mr. Frank Henry's resignation as sales manager for Doubleday Doran. ☞The guests included Mr. Fred Melcher of *P. W.*, Messrs. Harry Gould and Bill Haskell from the two big jobbers (American News and Baker-Taylor), and Mr. Chick Travers of Trenton, president of the Booksellers' Association; and heads of departments at D. D. ☞Mr. Melcher recalled that he and Frank Henry were on the floor together (such is the trade phrase) at Lauriat's bookstore in Boston many years ago. ☞Mr. Henry, a naturally bashful man, was dismayed by the warmth of friendliness displayed. All good wishes are his for his new job as Director in the Philadelphia firm of Lippincott, which will open a New York office for his activities. ☞Beatrice de Lima Meyers of the Children's Book Shop in Rochester, N. Y., reports an actual dialogue. *Customer:* I want that recent book on hardening of the arteries.—*Bookseller* (aside): I wonder if she means *Vein of Iron?* ☞And the best part of it is, she did. ☞Old Q. with his funny old-fashioned ideas is a bit pensive about a circular announcing a new magazine by the Time-Fortuneers. *Show-Book* is its clever title; among the features offered will be "Private Lives." ☞"In exposing to light the loves, scandals, and personal affairs of both plain and fancy citizens, the mighty picture-getting organization of the U. S. Press reaches maximum efficiency. *Show-Book* will cull out the best eight or ten snaps of the week and around them will write a light, good-tempered 'Colyumist' review of these once-private lives." ☞You could scarcely imagine how lukewarm Old Q. is about reading people's private lives in print. He is somewhat doubtful of the wisdom of encouraging this form of public pruritus. ☞The Master Institute of United Arts, 310 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C., has organized a Theatre Unit offering training for beginners in all forms of stage technique, and courses for professional people, writers and directors. ☞Other units in Dance, Painting, and Music are being arranged. The Theatre Unit is directed by Mrs. Don Marquis from whom full information may be had.



MR. HENRY AND MR. DOUBLEDAY

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
UPPER CASE *Mollie Merrick* (Washburn: $2.)	Murder of lovely N. Y. demi-mondaine solved with much exotic drinking by Red Hanlon, super-super ace reporter.	Atmosphere of night clubs, love-nests, etc., portrayed with vivacious verisimilitude and expert knowledge of killer-catching.	Horror in a High Hat
HARVARD HAS A HOMICIDE *Timothy Fuller* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Corpse of skewered Harvard prof. found in study by Jupiter Jones, slightly ga-ga P. G. student, who frolics to solution.	Authentic Cambridge atmosphere, some clever stuff about art faking, swift action, smart conversation—and one major flaw.	Diverting
THE FALCON'S PREY *Drexel Drake* (Lippincott: $2.)	Implacable extra-legal enemy of criminals and his mastodonic stooge exterminate crooked N. Y. cop and hordes of lesser gangsters.	Family resemblance to Mr. Charteris's famous "Saint" and certain Wallacian "Just Men" more a recommendation than otherwise.	Thriller-plus

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers • 386 Fourth Avenue • *New York*

Last week *The Inner Sanctum* published *The Songs We Sing*, by HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON.

It is the second of a series of children's books written and illustrated by the incomparable H.v.L. The first was *Around the World with the Alphabet*, the best-selling juvenile of 1935. And the sales department has just sent through a memo announcing that the *advance* sale of *The Songs We Sing* is nearly equal to the total sale of *The Alphabet Book*. . . When *The Inner Sanctum* can publish best-sellers for adults, it's a highly satisfactory (and all too rare) situation; but when it can actually publish them for the younger generation, it's time (after all these years) to advise RIPLEY.

The Songs We Sing contains the words and music of just about everything you sang when you were a child and would like your child to sing too. All of the following 25 songs are included.

Alphabet Song
Au Claire de la Lune
Cuckoo Calls from the Wood
Farmer in the Dell
Frere Jacques
Hickory, Dickory, Dock
If All the World . . .
I Love Little Pussy
I Saw Three Ships
Jack and Jill
King of France
Lady Bird
Little Boy Blue
Little Jack Horner
Little Nut Tree
London Bridge
Miller and the Baker
Mulberry Bush
North Wind Doth Blow
Rock-a-bye Baby
Row, Row, Row Your Boat
Sleep, Baby, Sleep
Spring's Arrival
Sur le Pont d'Avignon
Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star

Each song is illustrated with a four color, full page VAN LOON painting.

Each song has a completely new piano arrangement by GRACE CASTAGNETTA, as lovely as it is easy to play. "GRACE CASTAGNETTA," writes HENDRIK VAN LOON, "plays the harpsichord so well that I quite often suspect her of having learned her wondrous craft from JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH himself but she says 'No'."

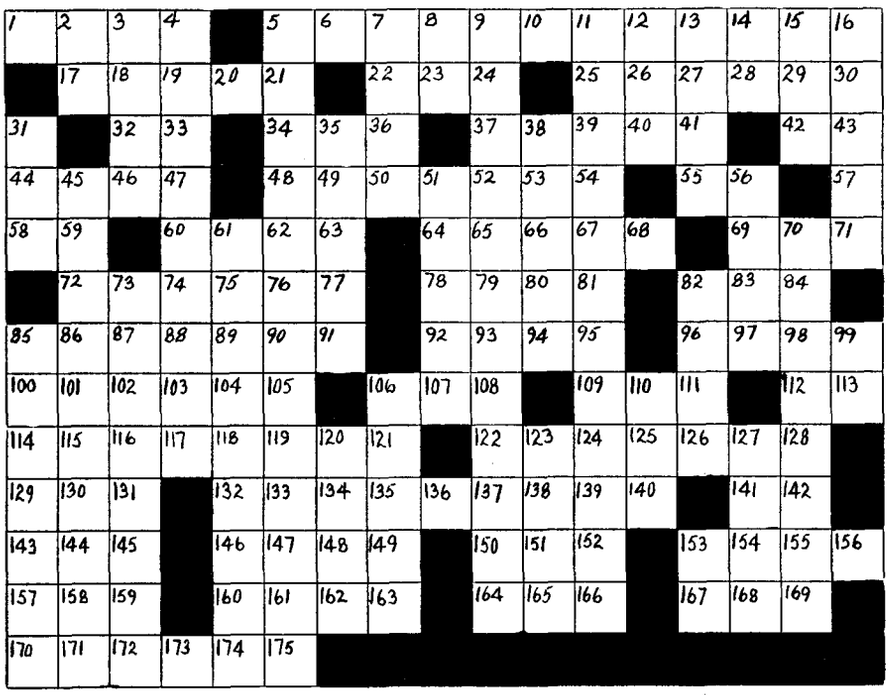
And finally, the price of the book is no small feature. Nobody is going to think that one dollar is too much to pay for so much charm and beauty and fun.

—ESSANDESS.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Double-Crostics: No. 131

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 22 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

I. In an oblique manner.

II. Rendered obdurate.

III. A worker of wonders.

IV. Cajole.

V. Character in "Antony and Cleopatra."

VI. War of words.

VII. Poe's "rare and radiant maiden."

VIII. Bird of prey.

IX. Blood of the gods.

X. Good humor.

XI. Withering away.

XII. At a distance from the coast.

XIII. Carrying back.

XIV. Decree of Mohammedan ruler.

XV. Egyptian power of darkness.

XVI. Presented.

XVII. Metal cap around a cane.

XVIII. Altar Jacob built on scene of his vision.

XIX. Spanish province of the Basques.

XX. Wife of Frey (Scand. myth.).

XXI. Character in "Don Giovanni" (Mozart).

XXII. Derisive exclamation of triumph.

XXIII. Scandinavian god of fertility.

XXIV. He devised wax wings to escape the Labyrinth.

WORDS

95 149 163 60 81 118 77 49

61 102 131 52 36 158 127 168 137

95 34 28 101 122 147 109 156 71 74 58

146 57 6 63 16 134 175

121 153 2 5 43 38 48 29 62

148 172 37 141 88 94 50 69 128

159 70 42 89 3 54

19 139 15 44 90 98 116

79 8 83 55 59

114 22 72 125 157

92 40 119 84 53 27 76 113 68

100 56 142 132 93 161 46 65

140 31 78 111 106 144 130 155

13 99 129 117 20

7 173 165 133 110 30 112 126

18 12 164 135 115 171 103

33 14 91 145 97 120 23

151 174 25 107 41 143 80 86

10 73 162 51 67 169 104

85 47 24 21 150 108

1 26 170 9 166 35 17 160 138

87 64 123

136 124 32 152 82 167

4 154 39 105 66 75 45 11

Reviewing Reviews

Different reviews of the same book often leave contradictory impressions or raise controversial questions. One critic will praise a book for the same quality which makes another review it unfavorably. But different opinions appear in different places, and few readers get both sides of every argument. Reviewing Reviews, *appearing for the first time in this issue, will undertake a periodic roundup of contrasting opinions, and otherwise comment freely on the high spots and interesting points of current book reviewing. This department will not follow a set plan. While this week's column confines itself to the reviews of Aldous Huxley's "Eyeless in Gaza," subsequent columns will often group reviews of two or three books together.*

THERE seem to be three ways of reviewing "Eyeless in Gaza": as a novel; as a technical tour de force; or as a manifesto for peace, love, and human unity. Although the manifesto occupies only the last chapter, it has had a bigger press than the other fifty-odd chapters put together.

The latest reviews to appear are the most unfavorable, while those in the daily papers and weekly book sections, appearing on publication date in July, were enthusiastic. "This is the best novel Mr. Huxley has written"—payoff line in the (daily) *New York Times*—"which is to say that it is one of the finest novels

Advertisement

BLADES

Keen Decision

When the makers of the new DUROL razor blade decided to submit their keen product to THE SATURDAY REVIEW'S keen readers, they made, as results proved, a keen decision. On May 25th the first advertisement told of the new blade, made of a special type of British strip steel fabricated under famed Sheffield technique; told further how, confident that blades made from this steel would have unusually good cutting edges, DUROL executives had a sample lot prepared, asked friends to test them. So successful were the tests, so enthusiastic the reports, that commercial production was entered into, direct selling to consumer decided upon. Only doubt which assailed delighted DUROL was that the low price ($1 for 40 double-edge blades*) would make skeptics think the blade inferior.

To safeguard against such a contingency, an open-minded audience was sought, found in THE SATURDAY REVIEW'S readers. Although blades were offered on a money-back-if-not-satisfied basis, not one of the many who sent in their dollars have availed themselves of the guarantee. Friends of DUROL claimed they could get 10 velvet-smooth shaves from each blade; DUROL itself would like to hear from "REVIEW" shavers about their experience with DUROL Blades.

Other "REVIEW" readers who wish to see (and shave) for themselves, may do so by sending $1 to DUROL CO., 245 Broadway, New York, N. Y. The guarantee still holds.

**Double-edged, DUROL blades fit double-edge holders.*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

produced in this generation." "For all its structural faults," wrote J. Donald Adams in the *Times Book Review*, "'Eyeless in Gaza' is an important and portentous book." "A deeply felt, brilliantly informed depiction of the dilemma of modern minds," said William Soskin in the *Herald-Tribune Books*, "imaginatively dramatized in terms of character."

The argument with Mr. Huxley's thesis began almost immediately. "Here," wrote Louis Kronenberger in *The New Yorker*, "when he [Huxley] attempts for the first time to play the constructive philosopher, he falls flat on his face." As Joseph H. Jackson put it in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, "a Huxley concluding a novel with a situation that sounds like a collaboration between Lloyd C. Douglas and Mr. Browning's 'Pippa Passes,' is just too much." "Anthony's final meditations," said William Troy in *The Nation* (Anthony is the hero of the novel), "read like the lucubrations of a Bloomsbury intellectual sunk irrevocably into the downy folds of the Buddhist heaven."

The number of brickbats thrown at the last chapter have obscured the fact that the novel contains some four hundred-odd previous pages of straight narrative. The latest review we have seen carries this to an extreme. "Mr. Huxley," writes Herschel Brickell in the *Review of Reviews* for September, "goes completely fantastic in his most recent piece of fiction, which is full of the brotherhood-of-man and a lot of other sentimental tosh. . . . It is one of the poorest of Mr. Huxley's efforts, straight from the ivory tower and sounding about as silly as Charles Morgan's 'Sparkenbroke' in its complete removal from this world of ours."

Many reviews are written on the dubious assumption that the author and the chief character are the same person. For instance, Louis Kronenberger, quoted above, also said: "Anthony Beavis is . . . very much somebody whom Huxley is concerned about, very much somebody (unless I miss my guess) whom Huxley resembles." In their ideas, yes; but there is no evidence for assuming that their personalities and experiences are in the least alike. On the contrary. And to miss Anthony as a character, to regard him entirely as Huxley's mouthpiece, is to review a novel in terms of non-fiction.

It is curious that in all the reviews in which a succession of critics, all sympathetic to pacifism, have panned Aldous Huxley's ideas for preventing the next war, only one reviewer—William McFee in the *Sun*—mentioned Mr. Huxley's recent pamphlet, "What Are You Going To Do About It? The Case for Constructive Peace." This pamphlet is issued by Chatto and Windus, and is available here for ten cents. Its existence indicates that Anthony Beavis's meditations in "Eyeless in Gaza" may not exhaust the subject of peace so far as Mr. Huxley is concerned. Any argument about Mr. Huxley's ideas as such should certainly take the pamphlet into consideration. It is quite possibly true that the last chapter of "Eyeless in Gaza" reads more like Beverley Nichols than Aldous Huxley. But there's enough of Huxley left so that those who attempt to take him for a ride may find themselves pulling an empty wagon down the street.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES, Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 2300. An old time country inn. One hour from N. Y. Booklet R on request.

"DON'T SNORE"—Small, gold device. Prevents snoring, mouth-breathing, $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Circular free. D. K. Thaxly Company, Washington, D. C.

WANTED, work in a book shop, specializing in first and rare editions, in New York or vicinity. Would appreciate salary, but more interested in learning than earning. Box 560-B.

YOUNG MAN, Mus. M., 32, single, bookish, outdoorish, teacher, organist, desires position; school, college, church; teach organ, piano, theory, literature. Box 559-B.

IF GRAMMAR bores you try "Commonsense Grammar" (Aiken), $2.00 Besides being amusing it is painless. Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

AMERICAN writer will accommodate several children along with own, lovely house on farmstead, cultured environment, two hours bus from New York. $50 monthly. F. G. Clough, Washingtonville, N. Y.

WANTED position by highly educated woman, knowing Swedish, Russian and German languages to elderly person. Experience with semi-sick people. Peaceful character. Box 101. Haddam, Conn.

MANAGING HOUSEKEEPER; can drive car; has traveled. Best of references; experienced. Miss Bridgman, Dalton, Mass.

IF YOU LIKE HORSES—I'd be much interested in exchanging ideas, I'm free, white and 26—And Do I Love Horses. Box 563-B.

SITUATION WANTED. Companion, housekeeper, New Englander, educated, refined, experienced, exceptional cook, wishes charge motherless adult household where efficiency and loyalty will return harmonious home, reasonable salary. References exchanged. Box 564-B.

YOUNG MAN—Cultured, companionable, desires position as secretary companion. Prepared to travel anywhere. References. Box 565-B.

DOES SOME LADY who "lives alone and doesn't like it" need me, a woman of varied experience, as resident companion? References, of course. Write to Box 566-B.

LADY WOULD VALUE real friendship with artistic young woman. "Metropolitan."

EDITOR'S WIFE would like to borrow grand piano. Will keep tuned and insured and save storage for owner. Box 570-B.

WHEN IN DURHAM, N. C., buy at The Home Bookshop the books you forgot to bring along.

OMARIANS: Unique card edition Rubaiyat; four translations, thirteen quatrains, fifty-four cards, original drawing on backs, book-form case, silk marker, $2.00. Also new editions Stokes and Lang 50c each, Cowell $1.00, FitzGerald 60c and $2.50. Exchange with other publishers. Clarke W. Walton, Monroe, North Carolina.

WANTED: Family requiring governess or tutor for Florida or California winter. College graduate; 27; experienced; capable; patient. References. Box 561-B.

EXPERT bibliographical service. Box 572-B.

THREE JOBS are waiting for the right Saturday Review readers. "Ringmaster" magazine is moving from Chicago to New York and can use (1) an associate editor, (2) a stenographer acquainted with bookkeeping, (3) an advertising salesman. Write fully to "Ringmaster," 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C., Room 813.

CORRESPONDENT, stenographer, executive ability; seven years' business and sales experience, desiring change from present position. Will travel anywhere on any mission, personal or for business. Possessing literary ability. Box 573-B.

PERSONALS

CONNOISSEURS, GOURMETS, people who know coffee . . . famous blend, rich, winey taste, unforgettable aroma. Not available in stores. Send one dollar for 3 pounds, postpaid within 300 miles (Beyond add 7c for each 300 miles up to 1800. Over 1800, add 35c). Richard H. Toeplitz, 67 Broad Street, New York.

NEW YORK BUSINESS MAN, forties, keenly interested in music, art, and literature, seeks stimulating feminine correspondence. Box 574-B.

GENTLEMAN FROM OHIO, Jewish, desires correspondence with intelligent and educated female, in or out of the State. Box 575-B.

HAVE YOU a brilliant idea for young woman, intelligent, widely traveled, interested in people, animals and arts? Need occupation. Will consider anything. Box 576-B.

IMPECUNIOUS cat lover wishes to exchange valuable limited signed first editions of contemporary poets for pedigreed Siamese or Persian. Box 571-B.

CLASSIFIED

ADVERTISING rates for this Classified Department are as follows: For twenty or more consecutive insertions of any copy, minimum twelve words, 6 cents a word each insertion; for any less number of insertions 8 cents a word each insertion. Copy may be changed every week. The forms close Friday morning, eight days before publication date. Address Department G. H., The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, telephone BRyant 9-0896.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

SUBSCRIPTIONS, Sets, Volumes, Odd Numbers. The E. T. Sutherlin Company. Danville. Va.

MAGAZINES — ONE OF THE LARGEST stocks of back numbers. Sharan's, 4019 Broadway. N. Y. C.

FIRST EDITIONS

GOOD BOOKS. First editions of established worth. Books by and about Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. GOLDSMITH, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

CATALOGUE 22, First Editions. Fine Press Books; free on request. Philip Duschness, 507 Fifth Avenue.

CATALOGUE of Old and Rare Books and Modern First Editions sent free on request. Chelsea Book Shop, 58 West 8th Street, New York.

CHARLES K. STOTLEMEYER. HANCOCK. MARYLAND. Catalogue of Morley, McFee. Mencken. Millay. Cather, and others.

FOREIGN

FRENCH BOOKS OF ALL FRENCH PUBLISHERS, over 500,000 in stock, all rare, unusual editions. LOWEST PRICES. Mail CATALOGUE 20c (Stamps). FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, "New York's Largest French Bookshop."

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY AGENT. Books, stories, articles, and verse, criticized and marketed. Play, scenario and radio departments. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, Inc., General Electric Building, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

YOUR STORIES, NOVELS, BOOKS, FICTION, Non-fiction, placed, criticized, revised. Professional assistance in placement and publication. New authors invited. Write or send manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 W. 42nd St., New York.

EXPERT REVISION often secures acceptance. This I can give. Booth Tarkington, Owen Wister, William Allen White, Carl Van Doren, Wilbur Daniel Steele, Charles Caldwell Dobie, Will Levington Comfort endorse my work, as did Jack London. Editor "Representative Modern Short Stories" (Macmillan); formerly with Doubleday. Established 1912. ALEXANDER JESSUP, 50 Morningside Drive. New York City.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue. New York.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pre-publication announcement: **THE LIMITED FIRST EDITION OF THE MOST REMARKABLE LITERARY DISCOVERY OF OUR ERA**

In 1773 Samuel Johnson and James Boswell toured Scotland. Boswell wrote daily in his journal a full account of the trip including racy anecdotes, Johnsonian mots and unblushing portraits of Scottish gentlefolk. Upon Johnson's death, Boswell published the journal, only two-thirds its real length, many of the best and most intimate parts being deleted. The original full-length manuscript was thought lost until, in 1930, it was discovered in an ancient castle. Now we announce the first complete edition of this 163 year old classic.

JAMES BOSWELL'S
JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES WITH SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

The limited edition—790 numbered copies (of which 250 are reserved for Great Britain). Format similar to Rudge edition of the other Boswell papers. With 8 facsimile pages from Boswell's original journal and his map of the tour. 7 x 10. 408 pp. + forematter and index. Boxed, $25.

Subscriptions close October 10th. Reserve your copy now, through your bookseller or the publisher

The Viking Press, 18 East 48th St., New York

A boy in love in Parnell's Ireland—a story rich with magic Irish beauty

Bird Alone

BY SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN
author of
A Nest of Simple Folk

"A magnificent piece of work. A real triumph of imaginative execution."—*Compton Mackenzie.* "A rich, full, satisfying novel in which imagination, humor, beauty, and wisdom are combined."—*Manchester Guardian.* $2.50

A van Gogh self-portrait—newly discovered letters reveal the artist

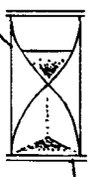
LETTERS to an ARTIST from

Vincent van Gogh

to Anton Ridder van Rappard

In these intimate letters, written during his critical, formative period, van Gogh portrays himself, his stormy personal life and his artistic credo. With facsimiles of the letters and reproductions of paintings discussed in them. $3.50

A youth's search for the meaning of life in the face of certain doom



Two Years

A novel
BY ALBERTO ALBERTINI

In the finest novel to come out of Italy in a decade, Alberto Albertini writes sensitively of life and love, time and eternity. A strange, gripping story—a brilliant handling of rich themes in an intensely compelling long novel. $2.75

THE VIKING PRESS 18 EAST 48TH ST. NEW YORK

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED